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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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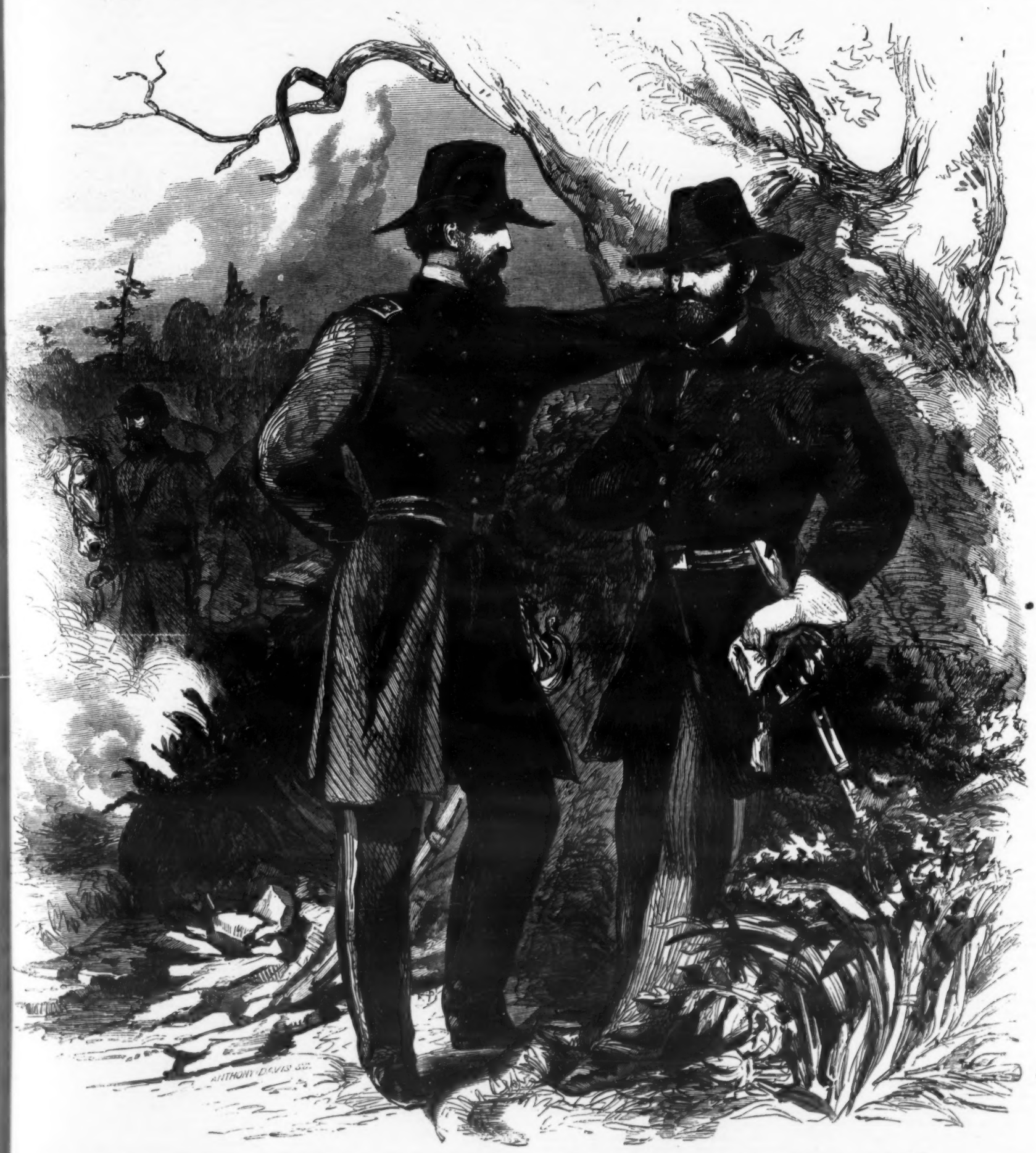
The Clouds Lifting—The Day Breaking.

THE stupendous military operations of the last two weeks in Virginia and Georgia, and the great and significant Union successes attending them, will admit of but one interpretation. They disclose a system of combinations and co-operative forces on the part of Gen. Grant, which, under his skilful and energetic direction, must speedily put an end to the rebellion. The clouds are lifting, the day is breaking in the East, and the golden hour of the nation's deliverance is near.

The dislodgement of the main rebel army under Gen. Lee from that extensive district of almost impenetrable jungle, south of the Rapidan river, known as "the Wilderness," though not a positive victory to us, was to him a fatal disaster. That difficult field to an invader, of hills and hollows, thick woods and



AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND MAJOR-GEN. MEADE IN CONSULTATION.—AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 148.

underbrush grown up over old exhausted and abandoned tobacco plantations, Gen. Lee had deliberately chosen for a crushing surprise to his enemy. For this purpose, vastly inferior as he was in cavalry and artillery to Gen. Meade, this "Wilderness," inaccessible to artillery or cavalry, was shrewdly selected. In thus restricting the late battle there to infantry, the rebel army, behind its lines of abattis and earthworks, and familiar with all the inequalities of the ground, possessed advantages for defence and attack which it can never command again. Strategically turned out of that strong position, the last chance of success to the rebel chieftain was lost, his army was adrift, and the fortunes of the campaign were in the hands of Gen. Grant.

For weeks and months the deeply designing enemy had ostentatiously paraded their plans, involving a resistless advance into the loyal States, East and West. They had Longstreet mounting an immense force for a destructive foray into Ohio, and while a mere detachment would be employed to draw the army of Gen. Meade beyond the Rapidan, the main body of Lee's army, meantime, 100,000 strong, having swept around the Shenandoah valley and across the Potomac, would be thundering at the back door of Washington. To give color to these reports, squads of rebel guerillas hovered along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, gangs of freebooters for a short time scoured the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, while the savage Gen. Forrest and his 5,000 savage roughriders, with fire and slaughter in his track, lorded it over Western Kentucky and Tennessee. All these threatenings and demonstrations were simply intended to divert large bodies of Federal troops to the frontiers of the loyal border States, while the rebel chiefs were concentrating all their accessible forces into the army of Gen. Lee.

These impotent devices, however, were only amusing scarecrows to Gen. Grant. They signally failed to divert him from his own plans and combinations. He saw that the strength of the rebellion was in Lee's army, and that its citadel was Richmond; and so, from the day of his first arrival in Washington as General-in-Chief, Grant's energies were directed to the overthrow of Lee and the capture of Richmond. Now what are the plans of Gen. Grant for compassing these great objects? Comprehending the real designs of the enemy, he first proceeds to strengthen immensely the Army of the Potomac—horse, foot and artillery. Next, to cut off Lee's reinforcements and supplies from the South, a formidable movement, army and navy, is organised for active work at the James river. Next, to detach Lee's army and Richmond from the supplies of Lynchburg and the neighboring country, a strong cavalry column under Sigel is detailed up the Shenandoah valley. Lastly, to give employment to Gen. Joe Johnston in Georgia, and all the rebel forces in that quarter, the terrible Sherman, in overwhelming strength, with his face towards Atlanta, sweeps down upon the plains from the mountains of Chattanooga.

This is, indeed, a formidable military cordon, but it may all be broken up if our Army of the Potomac can be inveigled into a snare and cut to pieces, for then, yet once more, the danger to Washington will be the safety of Richmond. The battle of the "Wilderness" has settled that difficulty; and thus while Grant's combinations remain intact and are successful on every side, those of the enemy are thrown into confusion, East and West. Our momentous and inspiring successes which have followed the unearthing of Gen. Lee are too deeply impressed upon the public mind to need a recapitulation here. Let it suffice that his shattered army is between two fires; that his communications and scanty supplies are cut off on every side; that while Richmond must speedily fall unless he flies to the rescue, inevitable capture or starvation awaits him in seeking a refuge within that city's defences. Flying westward, from sheer exhaustion and destitution, his disheartened and despairing army will soon be dissolved, and in pausing to fight again he covets immediate destruction.

The final catastrophe to that gigantic imposture, the "Southern Confederacy," approaches. Its huge enormities, its monstrous pretensions, its reckless, self-sacrificing, savage and sanguinary resistance, its terrible punishment, only ending in its absolute extinction, will soon be among the records of past events. The historian, in defining it, will say that, among all the revolutionary conspiracies on record, this Southern rebellion stands in its revolting audacity without a parallel in the vicissitudes of any nation of modern or ancient times; that there never has been upon the face of the earth a more causeless, a more suicidal, a weaker and yet a more formidable rebellion than this; and that in its bloody overthrow, down to its very foundations of slavery, its appalling fate will stand as a warning, or as a beacon, to the ruling classes of every land under the sun till time shall be no more.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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NOTICE.

THE Office of this Paper is removed to No. 537 Pearl Street, a few doors from Broadway.

To Correspondents.

THE Publisher will receive a few first-class stories, which will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a very high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

DECLINED.—Bessie Gray—First and Last Offer—Blue Blouse—Minnie Wallace—Ivonna—A Recipe against Poor Relations.

Summary of the Week.

We are now witnesses of a decisive battle, perhaps of the culminating struggle of the war. After three years of contest, with engagements in almost every State, both parties seemed to have gathered up all available resources, called in all minor armies, and resolved to make one tremendous effort on the Rapidan. Except the muttering of war in Louisiana, all operations seem suspended to concentrate in this great drama. The stage is a wide one indeed, as the operations extend from Dalton in Georgia to the banks of James river; but the movements are all guided by one mind, aim at one object, and advance as one man.

VIRGINIA.

In our last week's summary we followed the operations down to Friday, the 6th, when Grant held substantially the same line as on Thursday.

On Saturday, the 7th, he drew back and strengthened his right, and began with shot and shell. By noon it was evident that Lee was retreating to Spottsylvania Court House, abandoning Mine run for North Anna. Grant pursued, and a cavalry battle ensued on the Cross roads near Todd's tavern, in which Torbett and Gregg repulsed the enemy. Lee, with his infantry, faced from time to time to fight.

On Saturday evening Fredricksburg was occupied.

On Sunday, the 8th, Hancock and Burnside led the pursuit. Warren took the Brock road, and coming up with the enemy at Alsop's farm, a severe action took place, in which the enemy were again driven back. We, however, lost 300 killed and wounded, Gen. Robinson, of Griffin's division, being severely wounded in the knee. Towards evening Grant pushed the 5th and 6th corps forward again.

On Monday, the 9th, there was cannonading and skirmishing, during which Gen. Sedgwick was killed by a sharpshooter. Towards dusk Grant again advanced, Warren's 5th corps in the centre, Hancock's 2d on the right, and the 6th (now Wright's), on the left; a severe battle with artillery and musketry took place at the Po, which Hancock crossed, but recrossed at night.

On Tuesday, the 10th, our line was in a crescent on the north bank of the Po, with Burnside's 9th corps on the extreme left. The rebels lay north of Spottsylvania Court House, with his left on Glady run, and his right on the Ny. Between the two was a dense forest with underbrush.

Grant attacked the rebel centre, driving the enemy to his riflepits, but suffering severely and failing to take them. Here Gen. Rice was killed.

In the evening a second attack was made and Gen. Upton carried the enemy's works, capturing 1,000 prisoners and several guns.

On Wednesday, the 11th, there was heavy cannonading, but no engagement.

On Thursday, the 12th, Gen. Barlow, of Major-Gen. Hancock's corps, carried the rebel riflepits, capturing a whole division of the enemy, with Gen. Edward Johnson, Brig.-Gen. George Stuart and Robert Johnson.

On Friday, the 13th, Grant advanced, and occupied the crests of the hills over the Ny river.

At 7 P. M. on Saturday, the 14th, the 5th corps had a brisk engagement with the enemy, but no general battle took place.

Meanwhile Gen. Sheridan turned the enemy's right, and getting to the rear destroyed Lee's depot at Beaver dam, with locomotives, trains, 200,000 pounds of bacon, cut eight to ten miles of the Orange railroad, besides recapturing 500 Union prisoners.

On the 11th he destroyed a locomotive and train at Ashland station, with several storehouses, and six miles of railroad, culverts, bridges and telegraph. He met Stuart at Yellow tavern, and after a stubborn fight routed him, losing his life. Sheridan then advanced on the Brock road, and took the first line of the enemy's works around Richmond. He then crossed the Chicahominy, fought the enemy at Gaines's mills, and joined Butler.

Gen. Sigel is advancing along the Shenandoah, to add to Lee's difficulties by tearing up the railroad between Charlottesville and Lynchburg.

Gen. Butler meanwhile holds Beauregard in Petersburg, having cut off his communication by the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. He has blockaded the rebel ironclads in James river by sinking vessels in the channel at Turkey bend.

On the 29th ult. 22,000 men, consisting of infantry, mounted infantry and cavalry, with artillery, left Charlestown under Gen. Crooks, to cut the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad. At Princeton they captured a rebel camp.

GEORGIA.

Sherman's move on Dalton was perfectly successful. McPherson cut the railroad at Resaca; Thomas advanced on Johnston's front, and Schofield on his flank. After three days fight the rebels fell back to Rocky Ridge and Buzzard Roost. On this Johnston evacuated those posts and Dalton. We have taken 5,000 prisoners and 10 or 12 cannon.

ARKANSAS.

Marmaduke, on May 1st, had got so near to Little Rock that he threw shells into the city, but he was driven off by Carr's cavalry.

LOUISIANA.

At the latest accounts Gen. Banks had abandoned the Red river and was falling back to Franklin across the Teche country, and Porter is damming the Red river, so as to get his boats over the falls.

FLORIDA.

At the latest dates, May 2d, Gen. Birney had gone on an expedition into the interior.

NAVAL.

The Navy Department has information of the capture, by the gunboat Owasco, of the English schooners Lily, Fannie and Laura, of Velasco, Texas, the prisoners stating that they did not know the character of their cargoes. On the Fannie, however, were found eight cases of rifles for the rebel Gen. Magruder.

Official information had been received by Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the rebel navy, from Fort Fisher, that the pirate Florida had attacked and sunk the United States gunboat Huntsville, one of the East Gulf squadron in the West Indies, together with another vessel. It is also reported that the Florida recently burned the Boston ship Avon, bound from China to the United States.

The rebel ironclad North Carolina, supported by four wooden vessels, made an attack on the Nansemond on the 6th inst., in the New Inlet, N. C., but was repulsed.

The United States gunboat Grand Gulf captured the British steamer Young Republic, of Nassau, loaded with cotton and tobacco, from Wilmington, N. C., on the 8th inst., in latitude 32.58, longitude 77.26. She had a crew of 40 men on board, and was commanded by Capt. Harris, formerly of the United States navy.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 9th of May, an adverse report was made on the expediency of changing the southern front of the Treasury Department. The bill for the erection of a Branch Mint at Philadelphia was passed. Mr. Howard reported a substitute for the Pacific Railroad bill. The Senate considered the Bank bill at length, but little or no progress was made. An amendment by Mr. Doolittle, to keep the circulation of the banks within certain bounds, was voted down. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report in reference to the returned prisoners at Baltimore and Annapolis. On his motion 25,000 copies were ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate. Mr. Collamer then read a dispatch from the Secretary of War, announcing a victory by Gen. Grant, when the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to examine into the expediency of locating the proposed Navy Yard on the west side of the Hudson river, nearly opposite Yonkers. The Missouri contested election case of Bruce against Loan came up, but, after discussion, was postponed, without any conclusion on the subject.

In the Senate, on the 10th, the bill to adjust the Claims of Aliens arising out of the present war was reported back from the Foreign Affairs Committee. A bill amendatory of the act regulating the grade of Naval line officers was introduced and referred. A bill to facilitate trade in the region of country drained by the Red river of the North was reported. The House bill for the organization of the Veteran Volunteer Engineers of the Army of the Cumberland and the bill to prevent smuggling were passed. The bill regulating Proceedings in Criminal cases was under consideration for some time, and a proposed substitute for it was taken up and amended in the section relative to treason, by giving the Government two and the accused five peremptory challenges in all trials. The subject was then laid aside, and the National Bank bill was taken up. Various amendments were offered and rejected, among which was that proposing that the banks shall be compelled to retain one-fourth of the gold received as interest on Government bonds as a reserved fund, until the resumption of specie payments. An amendment was adopted requiring each bank to make provision for the redemption of its notes in the city of New York, and the bill was then passed, by 30 yeas to 9 nays. The Senate then held an executive session, and on the opening of the doors adjourned.

In the House, the debate on the contest between Messrs. Loan and Bruce for the representation of the Seventh Missouri district occupied the greater portion of the session. Finally a vote on the matter was reached, and it was decided that Mr. Loan is entitled to the seat. The Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to provide for the care, in States and Territories where there are no penitentiaries, of criminals sentenced by the National authorities, was passed. Gen. Butler's dispatch to the Secretary of War, detailing his successes in Virginia, was read from the Clerk's desk, and was received with applause. The Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were under consideration for some time, but the House adjourned without disposing of them.

In the Senate, on the 11th, Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced a resolution directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into the causes of the recent military reverses on the Red river. On this considerable discussion took place, and the resolution was so amended as to empower the committee to investigate the entire administration of Gen. Banks in the Southwest, and in that form it was adopted. A resolution condemning the President's action in the cases of Schenck and Blair was proposed by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, but not disposed of.

In the House, after some unimportant business, the joint resolution to drop from the army all unemployed Generals was carried by 72 to 45.

In the Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Wilson offered a bill authorizing every railroad in the United States to carry freight, passengers, mails, troops and Government supplies, and receive compensation therefor. It was resolved that the Secretary of War be directed to furnish the Senate with a list of all general officers in commission at or since the beginning of the present war. The bill altering the charter of the city of Washington so as to allow every male citizen to vote without regard to color was brought up for argument, after which the Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House, the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce recommending the extension of telegraphic communication with the Old World was presented. The House renewed the consideration of the bill to give homesteads from forfeited or confiscated lands to soldiers and sailors, without regard to color. The bill declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay railroad and the Camden and Atlantic railroad to be public highways of the United States was also considered.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE Opposition in both Houses of Parliament made their long threatened attack on Lord Palmerston's Administration on the 28th of April, and were signally defeated, in the Commons by 34, while in the Peers they did not venture upon a division. The chief grounds of attack were subservience to the United States in the matter of the rebel rams and on the Danish question. In the former, Earl Russell very plainly told the Peers that the conduct of the Lairds was scandalous, for they had, merely for the sake of pursuing their own profit, very nearly involved England in a war with the United States. Lord Grey and Lord Derby had very little answer to make to this, but harped upon Mr. Seward's famous dispatch to Mr. Adams, who had the good sense not to deliver it.

Garibaldi had sailed for Caprera in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht; he was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess. It was generally conceded that the meeting of the Danish Convention would have been seriously interfered with had his receptions continued. The story that he was driven out by foreign influence is absurd, and merely shows how gullible some of our editors are.

The Danes had abandoned Fredericia, and had retired into the island of Alsen. It was openly stated that an armistice would soon be concluded between the belligerents. In the mean time popular feeling ran very strongly in favor of the Danes, both in France and England.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary festival had been celebrated in England, Germany and Russia, with great *éclat*. At the Frankfort celebration there had been considerable ill-feeling displayed between the English and Germans, on account of the Schleswig-Holstein war.

The Emperor Maximilian had taken leave of the Pope and was expected to sail for Mexico in the course of the ensuing week. He agrees to pay France an indemnity of about $25,000,000 for their expenses—rather a small amount, considering the enormous cost of their expedition. France would evacuate the country as soon as possible.

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS. BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

This most elegant edition of a popular poet comes very opportunely. Allingham's coming fame was recognised by several critics in advance of the public mind. Fifteen years ago Gilfillan, the word-painter of literary portraits, in a picture of the author of Festus sketched in the background the literary features of some whom he thought destined to illuminate the poetical world. Here he foreshadowed the effect of Sydney Dobell's "Roman," then in manuscript, and spoke, among others, of William Allingham as a young man of promise and ability. Gilfillan's views are not always reliable, and we only allude to his notice of Allingham to show that, as far back as 15 years ago, his verses of the latter had so commended their author as to win from a popular bookmaker a recognition as a rising poet. We have heard little of Mr. Allingham since, but his acquaintance through Ticknor and Fields' neat little volume will be valued by those who appreciate the poetry of the affections. His genius is quaint and musical, and enriches a sympathetic vein of poesy by the felicity with which it guides its utterance.

TOWN GOSSIP.

SOMEWHERE—in some quaint old volume, studded full with ancient lore, have we met a pleasant legend, and have conned it o'er and o'er. Then, as eagerly we read it, pondering on its hidden store, this thought struck us, struck us squarely, and keeps striking us still more. Therefore will we tell the application after we have told the legend.

There was once a king, says the story, who was excessively fond of having stories told him. To cater for this taste all the ingenuity of the kingdom was at work, and many of the most marvellous stories, even surpassing those of Cobb, were poured into his ears, until at length the king wearied of their shortness and wished for a tale that should last for ever, promising the fortunate relator of such an article to share his kingdom with him, which, even supposing it to be no bigger than some German kingdoms, is better than telling stories, and writing them also for the newspapers.

To please the king in this matter there came glib-tongued penny-a-liners from every corner of his dominions, who were cunning in spinning out nothing to an indefinite length, but their stories, no matter how many columns long they were, always came to an end, even though they lasted for years.

Finally, there came a wretched person—no doubt an Irishman, for since the year one they have been the very deuce at storytelling—who proposed to gratify the king's wish.

"Do you know the forfeit?" quoth his majesty.

"No! an plaze yer worship," returned the Celt.

Then," thundered the king, "it is that he who faileth shall be hurried to the deepest dungeon beneath our castle's moat, there to rot in chains, fed only upon Dublin whiskey and codfish balls."

"I accept the sintince, yer riverence!" ejaculated the native of the gem of the sea, as prink as possible.

"Begin then," muttered the king, doggedly, settling himself on his throne for a few years listen. The Celtic relator began:

"Once upon a time there was a king who had a dream which troubled him exceedingly. He called together all his wise men, and the result of their deliberation was that a famine would beset the land in 10 years, and that until that time all the grain of the kingdom must be stored as a provision. Then the king built an enormous granary into which went all the grain of those years, the people in the meantime subsisting entirely on peanuts, round-hearts and taffy-candy.

"At the end of 10 years, one day the king was viewing his wonderful granary, which now was full to the top, when he observed a sparrow enter a hole in the top and carry off a grain of corn. And still as he looked there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another—"

"What meaneth this blather?" shouted the listening king, after he had patiently heard the nine hundred and forty-sixth and a halfth repetition of the carrying process. "When will this portion of thy recital end, slave?"

"Your holiness must have patience!" responded the Milesian, "there are yet 10 years grain for the sparrows to carry away, and they have not removed the ten thousandth million of a million part. And there came another sparrow and carried away—"

"Enough! enough!" cried the king. "Take thy half kingdom and cut thy stick, and hereafter let it be proclaimed that no emigrant from Ireland shall enter my dominions, under pain of enlistment and being swindled out of his bounties. The court's adjourned!"

The story is not bad, but the application we shall make is not, perhaps, so good: which is, that the emptying of that granary and the telling of the tale is like the routine of a great city. A sparrow comes and carries off a grain of corn, and then another sparrow comes and carries off another grain of corn, and so on for ever. What happens this year happens the next, and there is nothing new under the sun.

There is one reservation to this fact, which is the all-absorbing interest in

The Week of Battles,

which has been one in which the very fate of the country hung trembling in the scale. Let us imagine, if we can, the possibility that our summer campaign should be unsuccessful, and the rebels should succeed in carrying out their programme for an invasion of the North; let us think of New York as occupied by the rebel army and under martial law; let us think of the tax that would be levied on our wealth, of the despoiling of our everyday commerce. Think what a figure Tiffany's, Ball & Black's, Stewart's and Lord & Taylor's would make under rebel rule. New Yorkers have never yet realised this war at their very doors. They have been disposed, all through, to treat it as a summer's day pastime, something of which they read and have an interest in, the same as they would a novel published in numbers, and for which they pay their money. Should the publisher of their weekly amusement find it necessary to raise the price they will grumble, but still go on paying and being interested. It is not until some incident comes into their very homes, some telegram announcing the fall of a son, a brother, or one almost as dear, some deprivation of their comfort or peace of mind, that they realise its real force, and are ready to feel its terrors. We could put our finger on thousands who, since the first breaking-out of the rebellion, have not done one act, uttered one word, or spent one cent to aid the land in its fearful throes—men, and women too (if we can call them so), who would not contribute ten cents from their abundance to aid a disabled soldier to reach his home, or send a nurse to the field in the most fearful emergency.

A Ladies' Meeting.

While speaking of this we are reminded of a meeting that comes off during the week at Cooper Institute, inaugurated by ladies, to take into consideration and adopt measures to stay the extravagance of the day in silks, laces, gloves and all articles of foreign make. However unpractical such a meeting may be in results, and we fear it will not achieve anything, we honor the motive, and trust it may succeed in making luxury of dress and living as unfashionable as it is now fashionable. With such names attached to the call as Mrs. Gen. Dix, Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, Mrs. Alex. Hamilton, Mrs. Daniel Le Roy, and hundreds of others of like strength, the appeal cannot be altogether a failure. They say in their announcement of the meeting: "It is not proposed to recommend the abandonment of any articles necessary even for comfort, but simply that the above-named luxuries, whose import creates the necessity of sending enormous amounts of gold out of the country, should for the present cease to be matters of daily use and purchase, and that the gold should be retained at home to strengthen our own Government. Elsewhere this movement has been already suggested. Women who have devoted themselves to the service of their country's defenders have paused in the midst of their labor and suffering to ask—Is there nothing now to be done? and they have been taught that a mightier help than any they have yet given may be rendered by simple self-denial in outward adorning. Can a right-thinking, patriotic woman hesitate to make so paltry a sacrifice?"

As *apropos* to this subject, we have heard, from good authority, and that in which we have faith, that

Mrs. Lincoln Refused

to curtail her adornments, when waited on last week by a committee of the Ladies' League, now existing in Washington, and working to the same end as the New York ladies propose. She gave a point blank negative to the idea, and rather took the matter in high dudgeon, and was not at all pleased with the ladies who made the unwholesome proposition. As the young and beautiful Presidentess has just been spending a few days in this city, earnestly and intently devoting her mind to shopping, and has, without doubt, secured many novelties of alarming beauty and cost, it stands to reason that it was rather a rough suggestion that she should not sport them at the coming *fêtes* and levees at the White House. It was beyond womanly nature to accede, and we cannot for an instant believe that the proposition was made by any other than some horrid old maid, who had nothing new to wear herself, and took this mode of being revenged on one that had. Another item in this connection comes to us from a Philadelphia friend, who is in the jewellery line. He says:

The Greatest Sales this Season

made by Philadelphia jewellers and drygoods houses have been made to the wife of one who, at the breaking out of the war, was a chiffonier. One who, if he did not actually carry the hook and basket himself, bought up the contents of other baskets. He got a contract, or permission, or something else, to follow the Army of the Potomac and gather up the debris of bones, fat, rags and offal, and the result is brown stone fronts, Steinway pianos, diamonds, velvet, lace and general fixings, to an astonishing degree. And now

A Word to Shopkeepers:

Gentlemen—and ladies, too—you have had a clear benefit for the last six months. Taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, you have forced up prices to a degree not warranted by circumstances, in some instances almost 100 per cent. You have, in fact, acted much like some hotel and restaurant keepers, who have kept no account against a guest, but when asked "What's to pay?" answer with any amount that flashes through their brain, provided they have any, and then are dissatisfied when the swindled guest pays because they did not take advantage of his goodnature and charge more. We say to you that you have had your harvest, and that this week is fraught with mischief to your coffers. With the success of Grant—and that is a foregone conclusion—comes such a tumble in the prices of every commodity of daily food and wear, that you will rue the day when you laid in large stocks or invested in that which is as unstable as water. Those who have kept down their stocks have done wisely, and will have less cause to regret, but the heavy dealers will be the sufferers, with no escape.

How the City is Amusing itself.

And while all this is going on the city is still as gay and reckless as ever. Every theatre is full nightly, to say nothing of the numberless balls, concerts, readings, minstrels and other entertainments, that draw their hundreds and thousands. Wallack's, steady and conservative, does little to record, because it produces no novelties, but appeals to the quiet, good taste of New York with its fine old comedy, occasionally interspersed with Rosedale-ism. On Friday, the 13th inst., that play was performed for the 118th time, which, to say nothing of its dramatic merit, is a merit in itself, the merit of success.

Niblo's this week produces John Brougham's "Bel Demonio," with Vestvali as Angelo, Fechter's great character. The play should be a success if we can judge by its effect in London, and the fact that Mr. Wheatley has been several months agitating the subject among the company—scene-painters, carpenters, property-men and all. There will be a ballet in it, and the whole affair will be under the superintendence of Mr. Vincent, one of the cleverest stage-managers in the country, and a warrantee for something good.

At the Winter Garden Mr. Booth has closed his engagement, and the Florences come once more with that inevitable "Ticket-of-Leave Man." When that will end, judging by the past, is a mythical matter, but we may safely put it down for sixty nights.

This week Barnum has made a decided hit in the engagement of Mdlle. Ernestine, and the production of "Belphegor." In the second act of this play the dances are introduced, and Mdlle. Ernestine has stepped at once into the favor of the Barnumnian audiences by modesty of execution and force. She is pretty, and New Yorkers rarely have a chance to see more skill or grace than they can see now upon the Museum boards. "Belphegor" is a cleverly constructed play, cleverly done, and is well worthy a few hours' attention, even from the critical. The Olympic has given us "The Chimney Corner," through the past week, with Davidge's charming personation of Old Probity, and promises soon "Aladdin," which, though not a novelty, is decidedly better than producing bad new things. This week Mr. George Wood inaugurates the drama in the Broadway Theatre—once Wallack's—with something new, entitled "An English Tragedy," of which more anon; sufficient to say now that it was written by Fanny Kemble, and is at this house first baptised on the boards.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—There was a meeting of the American Christian Union, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday, the 12th. The Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, presided. The Rev. Mr. Duryea, the Rev. Mr. Lockwood, the Hon. Eli Thayer and others addressed the meeting.

—— The sale of Goupil & Co.'s collection of paintings realised $22,147. "The Bullfight," by Verboeckhoven, brought $3,000; "Going to School," by Frère, $870; and the "Standard Bearer," by Meissonier," $3,100.

—— The anniversary of the American Bible Society was held at Irving Hall, on Thursday, the 12th. The meeting was opened with prayer by Bishop Gates, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the Rev. Mr. Petit, the Rev. Mr. Thornton, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the Rev. Dr. Cox and others. The report shows that the Bible has been translated into 250 languages; the receipts amount to $500,578 60; number of books printed, 1,592,196; copies of Scripture granted to the army and navy, 2,000,000.

—— A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held on the 12th May, for the purpose of considering a memorial, to be presented to Congress, concerning the additional 50 per cent. duty on imported goods, levied from the 29th of April until the new tariff goes into effect, a period of 60 days. A draft of the proposed memorial was presented, and called forth considerable discussion from Messrs. Sturgis, Opdyke, Bloodgood, Conkling, Ludlam, Low and others, the majority of the speakers opposing the document for the reason that it it imputed unworthy motives to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Low favored the memorial, but the discussion culminated in a motion, which was adopted, to refer the memorial back to the Committee.

—— The Alexandria (Va.) *State Journal* complains bitterly that Lieut.-Col. Fillebrown, formerly of the 10th Maine, and who was confined in the Old Capitol Prison for obtaining grain in Virginia, under the pretext of being a U. S. Deputy-Marshal, is now acting under a permit to carry $300 worth of goods into Loudon county. The *Journal* says that the loyal inhabitants of the county are much embittered against him, as on the former occasion he sold the grain, which they sold him for half its value, not venturing to dispute his authority, to the Government at double what he obtained it for.

—— Butter leagues are forming in Philadelphia on a very extensive scale. The farmers complain of small sales in consequence.

—— Ballooning in the army has been voted a failure, and all the aerial apparatus belonging to the Government has been sold at auction.

—— The Report of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia says: Out of 4,271 prisoners who have been discharged, 405 have been reconvicted, some of them several times, making the total 490. In the course of 33 years only four prisoners have been convicted four times.

Southern.—The Richmond papers, despite the braggadocia of Lee's bulletins, which are finished specimens of lying, evince considerable trepidation. The *Examiner* announces that even now it is not too late for General Lee to carry out his original plan of crossing the Potomac at the head of a large army, and carry the war into the enemy's country. Lee's dispatches, one after another, contain a victory every day. The *Whig* says that Butler will be forced to remain pent up in City point under the protection of the Lincoln gunboats, contenting himself with an occasional raid into the country. From what deserters say it would seem that Beauregard has about 30,000 men with him.

—— The Richmond *Enquirer* gives this account of the death of the second son, Joseph E. Davis, aged four years, of the Rebel President. He fell from the east portico on the 7th of May, between three and four o'clock, a distance fully 15 feet, fracturing his hip and injuring his head. Mr. Davis and his wife were absent from the mansion at the time of the accident and the discovery of the condition of the child was made by the servant. The sufferer was taken into the nursery, and a messenger dispatched in haste for the President and his lady. Drs. Peticolas, Conway and Garnett, the family physicians, successively came in and applied their skill without avail. The child was insensible when picked up, and never recovered consciousness, dying in about three quarters of an hour after being taken up by the servant and carried into the house.

Personal.—Mrs. Lippincott, better known as Grace Greenwood, lectured lately in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, to a brilliant audience. The subject was The War. She is a very strong abolitionist, and considers that Abraham Lincoln and George Washington are two of the greatest men ever born. She urged a vigorous prosecution of the war, and denounced Copperheads in good set terms.

—— Miss Teresa Esmonde gave her farewell reading from the poets at Irving Hall on the 3d inst. The selections embraced The Famine, from Longfellow's Hiawatha; John Savage's Shane's Head; The Two Flags, by Anna S. Stephens, and others from O. W. Holmes, T. Davis, &c.

—— Miss Anna Dickinson, the well-known lecturer, has declared war against Abraham Lincoln and some of his Cabinet, on account of their not being sufficiently sound on the colored question. In her lecture at Boston she unsparingly castigated "the half men of the times."

—— The Charleston *Mercury* gives an account of the killing of Miss Pickens, daughter of ex-Gov. Pickens. She was about to be married, and the wedding party had assembled at the house of Gen. Bonham, when a shell from the Union forces penetrated the house and wounded the bride so that she died soon afterwards. The marriage ceremony was completed as she lay dying on the floor. Lieut. De Rochelle was the bridegroom.

Accidents and Offences.—Henry Barneum, of Olean, N. Y., deliberately killed his wife and infant son as they laid in bed a few days since. He stunned the woman with an axe and then chopped her to pieces—the little boy awaking, screamed terribly and shared the same fate. Barneum, who has been arrested, says he killed them for fear they would suffer from hard times.

—— Capt. Morris, 11th Kentucky cavalry, of near Louisville, Ky., who last fall, while drunk, sent out a file of men to capture a neighboring farmer, named Johnson, with whom he had quarrelled, and not bring him alive, the men obeying him by killing Johnson, has been arrested in Chicago. The Government had offered $1,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

—— The First National Bank of Fentonville, Mich., has been robbed of $10,000 in United States money, beside a number of deeds and mortgages. The safe, a small one, containing the property was blown open. The main safe was untouched. There have been no arrests, though $1,000 reward has been offered.

—— A terrible railway accident occurred on the 5th, near Gallatin, Tenn. A construction train collided with one carrying 300 of the 10th Indiana cavalry, and three men were killed and 60 wounded, among the latter being Capt. Jones, badly; Lieut. Littlepage, arm and leg broken; Lieut. Kemp, badly; and Lieut. Couch, mortally injured.

—— The Palace Garden at Cincinnati has been destroyed by fire. There was a collection of rare animals, birds, etc., at the place, much of which, including a sea-lion, happy family, eagle, performing monkey, etc., was destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

—— A serious conflict ensued one day this week between two waiters of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the kitchen of that establishment. O'Keefe becoming incensed, drew a knife and stabbed his fellow-waiter so severely that his life is despaired of. O'Keefe was arrested.

—— Another case of the knife occurred at a drinking saloon in Henry street, where a man named Hammel stabbed John O'Shay, a conductor on the 4th Avenue railroad. His recovery is very doubtful.

—— Holden, late postmaster of Malden, who was convicted of murdering Frank Converse, has been sentenced to be hung in June.

Foreign.—The number of political journals in Paris and the departments at present is 318, of unpolitical, 6,700.

—— Large numbers of English tourists have flocked to the seat of war in the Duchies, and their unnecessary exposure of themselves to shot and shell has excited the greatest surprise among the combatants. A youth of 17 perched himself on the top of a windmill at Duppel, "to see the fun," and could not be prevailed upon to descend till he saw all he wished in the way of bloodshed.

Items.—Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the Courthouse for a licence. "What is it?" asked the Judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

—— A soldier of the 1st Pa. cavalry, in the Potomac Army, was a short time since found asleep near Warrenton, Va., having slept 24 hours. He stepped up to his captain and said, "Captain, I die to-morrow at four o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do." As the clock struck four on the following day he died without a groan.

CHIT-CHAT FOR THE LADIES.

WHEN we sit down together to talk or write to each other, is it not sad to think that, instead of the old, silly lightsome topics—gossip about flirtations, guesses at probable betrothals, what was worn at Mrs. A's. last night, or will be worn at Mrs. B's. to-morrow; that handsome singer at the opera, or that lovely debutante in society, fresh from boarding-school, and said to be a fortune; or the weather, or the Central Park, or any of the subjects of which we used to converse; of that talk which skimmed from one thing to the other, like a humming-bird over a flower-garden; is it not sad that, instead of these, the first words upon our lips are of the war? "Have you heard that Willie Blair was mortally wounded in the last battle?" or that Lieutenant B.'s wife is a widow, or that that handsome fellow with whom all the girls fell in love last year at Saratoga has been so frightfully maimed and disfigured that his dearest friend would not recognise him? And then we wonder when this will end, and how, and speak of dear ones far away, and of friends from whom we may be called to part, and grow sad and sick at heart. I did not mean to write a word of war or of war's horrors when I opened my portfolio, and I think I should not but for the thoughts that would fill my mind of the sad fate of Anna Pickens, and which would be written down.

Have you wept as I have over the sad fate of that beautiful girl? Have you forgotten in your womanly sympathy that she was "a Rebel?" I think so; I am sure you have. I know that any one of you would have done much to stay that Union shell had such a thing been possible. The tenderest emotions of the soul are involved in this sad occurrence—human love blighted—human hopes crushed—a bride in the full flush of hope and beauty done to death. We were less than women if we did not grieve. Oh, cruel War, scourge of our once happy country, God banish thee, and send us, instead of thee, Peace, with her green olive branch.

Time was when we read such tales in old romances, or heard them from the lips of the aged, who, in their turn, had heard them from those old when they were young, and scarcely credited them, or, if we believed such things could happen, thought of them as we might of the cruelties of Nero, or the tortures of the Inquisition, horrors belonging to an age gone by, which we could never see repeated in our own.

We know a great deal about war now; but, dear readers, the Southern women know more; blood has not dripped on our doorsills yet, shells have not burst above our homesteads—let us pray they never may.

A Request.

We don't like to ask too many favors, but we wonder whether the members of the Academy of Design might not be induced by their gallantry to ladies, especially short ones, to keep step-ladders in the vestibule for their convenience; that, in case (odd things happen now and then, you know) any one wanted to see a picture not painted by one of the Hanging Committee, she might hire one, and with a lantern investigate the high places and dark corners. It would be a great favor, and would be appreciated.

Absent but not Forgotten.

Is cloth getting dear, or has a particular tax been laid upon coat-tails? or for what reason have the gentlemen discarded them for their little brothers' jackets? While the *toilet* of our basques have been growing longer and longer, theirs have been shortening until nothing is left of them.

Wicked slanderers declare that the fashion originated in the fear of an invasion by the Southerners, in which case the "Stay-at-Home Guard" determined to leave nothing for the enemy to catch them by as they ran away, but we don't believe a word of it. Do you?

Slander.

And talking of slander, I wonder why we should have the blame laid upon our shoulders. We do not indulge in half the scandal men circulate through the medium of the press. Our false witness of our neighbors is generally whispered in corners, not printed in black and white; but theirs, how it flies and how it grows? Don't they love to catch a woman in naughty tricks? Are they not delighted to write neat little pararaphs about her? And are they not always scissored out by other editors, and circulated from Maine to Georgia? And if the fair culprit is the wife or sister of some political enemy, or of some one on the opposite side of any question, is not the deed doubly delightful? And then after dilating and improving on the story, and rounding the sentences, and putting in the full names of unhappy relations, and doing all they can to make the miserable affair more miserable still, these good souls sit down and write a homily on scandal-loving women, and censure tea-table gossip and sewing-circle calumny, until to hear them one would say, "Listen to those who couldn't say a word against any one if they were paid for it (in gold)."

Women slander-mongers—nonsense! the name should be handed over to the men.

The Last New Chambermaid.

"Biddy," said a lady friend of ours to an Hibernian damsel recently engaged, "where have you been so long?"

"In your bedroom, mum," replied Biddy, "afther takin' a patthern uv a basque; I'm goin' to have one the loike uv it, only a bit more bugles an' lace; I allers takes pattherns from the missus if she's tasty, an' I tried the basque above on me yesterday, an' it fit like me skin; wouldn't you be tellin' me where ye buyed the silk?"

The end of the anecdote we forgot to ask, but probably the lady fainted, and Bridget received a month's wages in lieu of a warning that very day. "The girl," is just now an irrepressible individual. We heard of one lately who gave as her reason for leaving a place that the missus had only two bonnets, and she had worn them both three times already, and was not used to doing with so small a number. Poor thing! she suffered probably as much as the lady who went to Saratoga with only 50 dresses last summer, and was obliged to fly thence in two weeks on account of her slender wardrobe.

Ladies' Headaches.

Headache is as common to most of our sex as sleep, and when we think of the life most women lead we cannot wonder at it—from morning until night every possible effort seems to be put forth to produce the unhappy result.

The first performance is to squeeze the waist and the feet; the next to braid and twist and hairpin the hair to the last point of human endurance; the next to breakfast on nothing but very strong tea; the next to shut one's self up in a room with five or six children (one beating a drum, the other shaking a rattle, a third "tooting" through a trumpet, and the rest crying alternately), and work scallops on cambric muslin for several hours. Then, for lack of appetite at breakfast induces noontide starvation, a lunch of the most indigestible nature. After that a shopping excursion.

A woman's bonnet always hurts her somewhere. It is always—piquante though it may look—stiff and bristly with its buds and flowers, and lace, and crown lining; and the ears suffer, and the neck, and the poor, poor head. Air might prove of some avail, but the idea that women receive any of that blessing is preposterous. Very few ever attempt to walk, but are shut up in one disagreeable omnibus after another until they reach their place of destination.

If they make calls they are received in semi-darkened parlors, from which dust and flies are shut out by heavy curtains, and when they return home every room is in the same state of headache-producing gloom, save the kitchen and the nursery. Yet home is the only place where a woman can lay aside that torturing bonnet. At church, at all places of amusement—save the opera—at all times and seasons when men can remove their hats, we must keep our headgear on and suffer. Neither does night bring relief; what with hairwaves and curl papers, and hairoil, and a nightcap, torture only commences with that hour to very many. And the fashionable belle in these days of waved bandeaux could tell a direful tale of her midnight agonies. What bonnets and nightcaps and curl papers and tight lacing fail to complete, the piano and the latest novel finish; and the wonder is, not that the fashionable woman has such sieges of headache, but that she is ever without one.

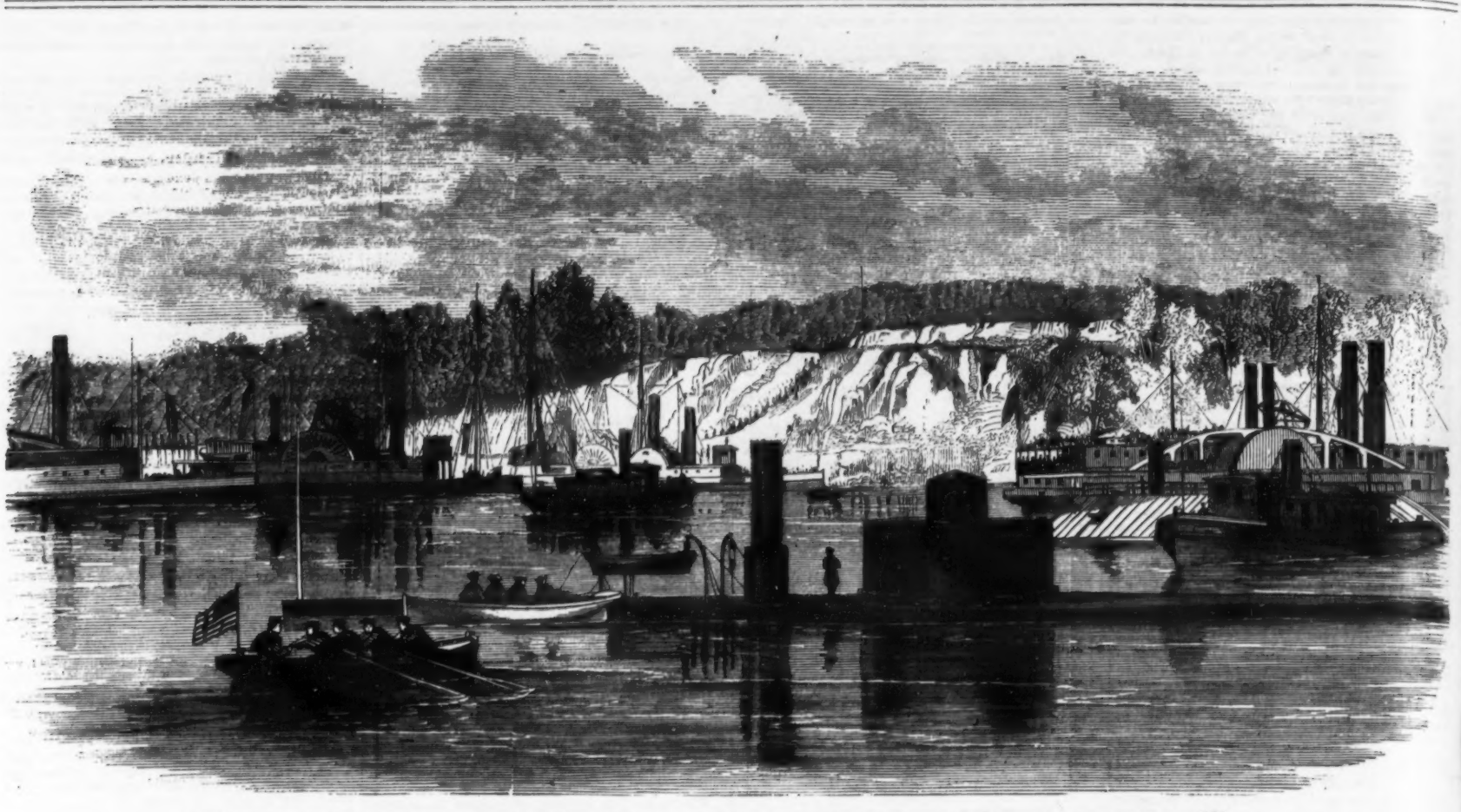
Shall Have a Sword.

It appears that McClellan's lady friends are determined that he shall have a sword, if he could not have the one fought for by his partisans at the Sanitary Fair. All over the country they are making contributions of small sums for the purchase of a McClellan sword. We hope the General is properly thankful; he should be, for the ladies are all on his side. Even Mrs. Grant, they say, voted for him, and if it had not been for masculine politicians the sword would have been his. So cheer up, little Mac, you shall have a sword, so you shall, if we are obliged to buy you one out of our own shopping money.

Spiritualism.

We live in the days of "manifestations," that is certain. Witch-burning being no longer practised, a good many maids and matrons have professed themselves to be what the old Puritans would have called "daughters of Beelzebub." Every fourth lady of one's acquaintance is "spiritually inclined." Some can "tip tables," some have the power of producing raps; others can give you advice from your departed ancestor as to the cultivation of radishes, and a host read sealed letters with those specimens of the hairdresser's art styled "Grecians" and waterfalls. As for the gentlemen, always practical, they turn their endowments into money, charge investigators four shillings a head, and use each other for repeating patented manifestations.

THE hat was passed round in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who by the way had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then looking towards the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"



THE CAMPAIGN ON THE JAMES RIVER—GENERAL BUTLER LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST —SEE PAGE 151.

GRANT AND MEADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the dailies, Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick, whose sketches our readers will remember, gives this interesting account of Grant during the battle of the Wilderness, which is a better description than we can give of the illustrations forwarded by our Artists:

Gen. Grant's headquarters were located in a field between the plank road and a small road leading to a little hamlet known as Parker's store. During the fight, however, he was principally with Gen. Meade, whose headquarters were on a piney knoll in the rear of Warren's corps. I had seen Grant at Vicksburg and in Tennessee, and his appearance was familiar; but as I strolled through the group of officers reclining under the trees at headquarters I looked for him some time in vain, such was his insignificant, unpretending aspect and conduct while the battle was raging in all its fury. A stranger to the insignia of military rank would have little dreamed that the plain, quiet man who sat with his back against a tree, apparently heedless and unmoved, was the one upon whom the fortunes of the day, if not of the age and country, were hinging. It was only when some aide or orderly rode up in hot haste with a communication from some portion of the battlefield that his eyes upturned to seek in those of the messenger the purport of the message. The consultation with Gen. Meade or the direct suggestion or command—all took place with that same imperturbability of countenance for which he has always been remarkable. No movement of the enemy seemed to puzzle or disconcert him. Fertile in resources, the petition for reinforcement was speedily answered. And while all this transpired he stood calmly in the group, at times smoking his favorite cigar—a more vigorous or a more frequent puffing only indicating the inward working of the mind. If something transpired which he deemed needed his personal attention, away he darted on horseback to the immediate scene, the one or two of his aides and orderly exerting their utmost to keep up with him. Arrived on the spot, he calmly considered the matter requiring his attention, with ready judgment communicated the necessary orders, and then galloped away to another part of the field, or to his seat beneath the pine tree, there to enter on the order-book some record of the battle's progress. It was amusing again at times to see him—the Commander-in-Chief—whittling away with his knife upon the bark of a tree, pausing now and then to throw in a word or sentence in the conversation of those grouped about, and then going to work again with renewed vigor upon the incision of the pine. The contemplation of this by those who were with him at Vicksburg will recall an incident of a similar character in that memorable siege. When the columbiads were mounted in front of Logan's line Gen. Grant was desirous of superintending the operations. During the preliminary work of cutting the embrasures he mounted the epaulment, and while the rebel bullets struck all around him, deliberately whittled a rail until the guns were placed in position.

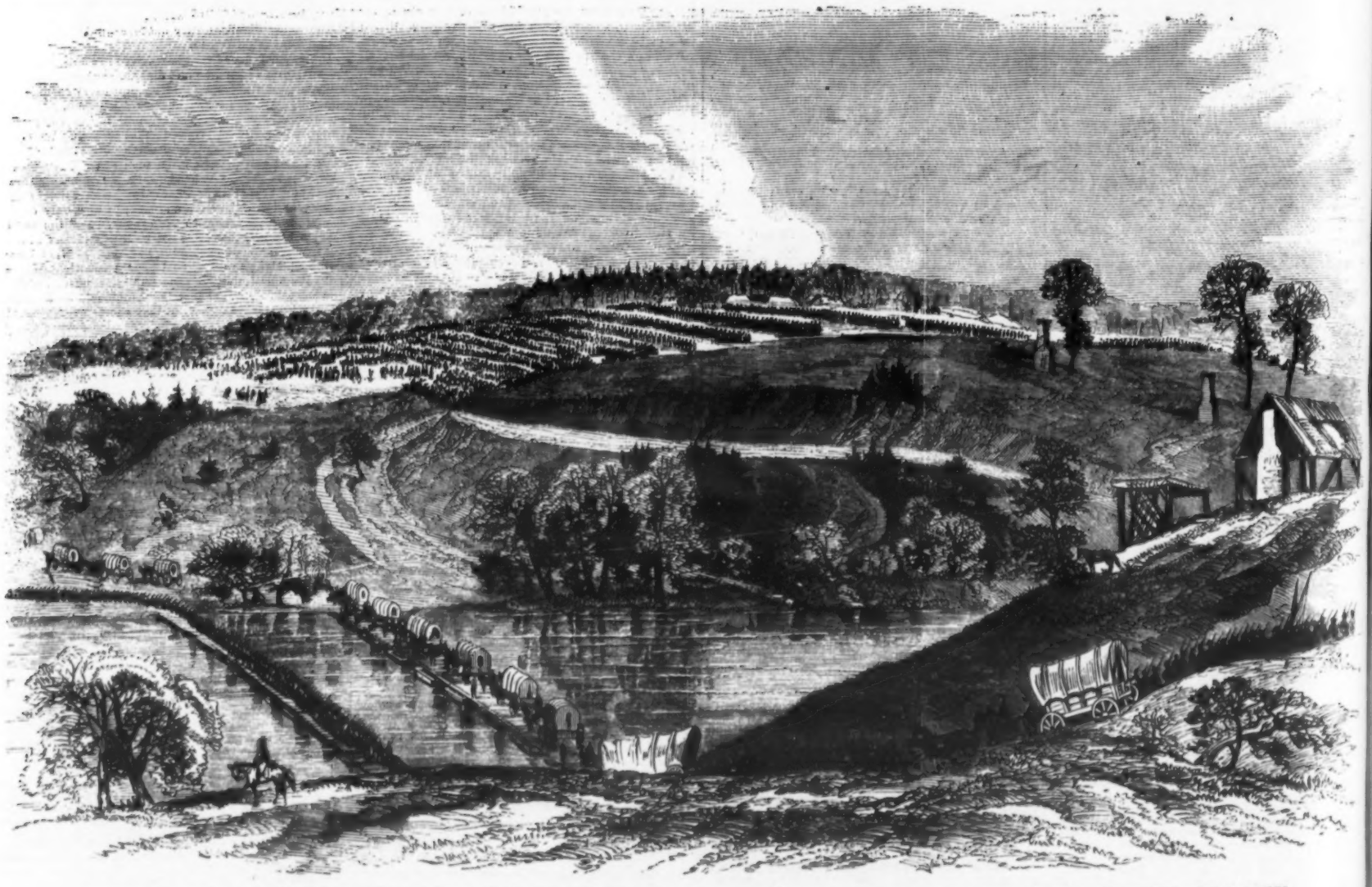
BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 5–6.

OUR sketch of the first of the great battles of Gen. Grant in Virginia will give a striking idea of the battleground, to be henceforth for ever famous like Manassas, Gettysburg, Pittsburg landing or Fair Oaks. The eye can take in the five mile line-of-battle, which for two days advanced and met hostile advances, gaining ground to be lost in a moment, but holding steadily to their line till the furious rebel charge on the 6th corps swept away Seymour's and Shaler's brigades of the 3d division, and had well nigh won the day.

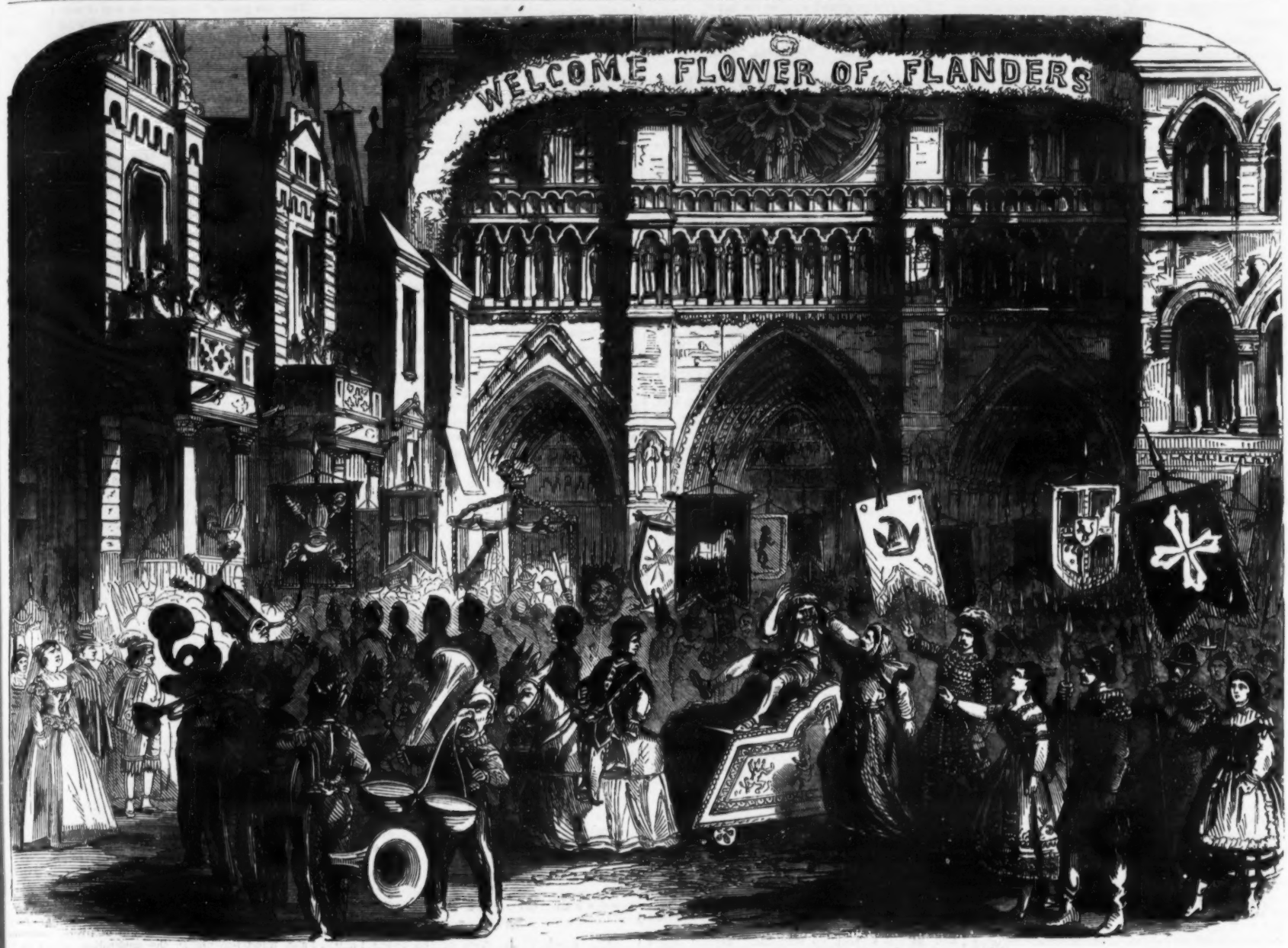
Sedgwick, soon to fall, saved the right, but our loss in the two days was not far from 15,000, and we mourned General Hays and Wadsworth.

On the left is the Wilderness house, one of the few human habitations in this wild district. The house in the centre is Warren's headquarters.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—At a meeting of the board of directors of this company, held recently, the following important resolution was adopted after mature consideration: "There shall be added to each policy issued, or hereafter to be issued, the following words: 'This policy is incontestible after five years from its date, for or on account of errors, omissions and misstatements in the application, except as to age.'" No other American company, we believe, offers this important advantage to insurers. All policies in force five years at once become incontestible, under the operations of this rule, greatly enhancing their value to families and creditors. This liberal and just measure should secure to this company increased favor and patronage, as it exhibits the strong desire of the directors to throw every proper and safe advantage around the policies.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—MEADE'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPIDAN, MAY 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 151.



FRY'S GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4.—SEE PAGE 151.

MY RING.

BY MAUD L. CRIMSON.

Massive, golden,
Worn and olden;
But I love it
For the giver.
He so gladsome,
Eyes so madsome—
Madsome for their thrilling quiver,
Madsome for their melancholy—
He the giver!

On his brow white
Shone the starlight;
Fell the dew down
On his hair brown;
Soft as lip dents
Dropped his accents;
Linger, linger—
So he placed it on my finger.

Hot, hot kisses,
One long drinking—
Heart to heart seems
Melting, sinking.
One long sweetness,
Then the starlight
Chased his shadow
With its fleetness;
Onward, onward,
Through steep gladeland,
Westward, starward,
Into shadeland.

Oh, that last long sweetness!
Clinging lips
Rich with love's completeness—
And now as then the dizzy moon
Swings and dips.

Oh, boundless Heaven!
Oh, trailing stars!
Drawing dark Even
In spangled cars—
Can I ever note you above me,

The Betrothal.

Can I ever bask in your rays,
And recall not his face who loved me,
And with him that day of all days?

Ah, he's gone, gone!
Leagues, leagues away,
But woman's love
Is strong like day;
And this massive ring,
This circular thing,

The Mad Sculptor.

Is a link between us,
Is a bond between us,
And I'll never cease loving him, never,
Not e'en on the strand
Of the angel land—
On the strand of the land called For Ever.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER I.

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere.
Comedy of Errors, Act IV., Sc. 2.

Thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lamb.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Sc. 4.

On a sunny afternoon in May, about twenty-three years ago, a man was walking up Broadway, in the city of New York, whose peculiar appearance fascinated the gaze of almost every person he met. He was simply and neatly clad; painfully sensible of the curiosity, mingled with repulsion which he provoked, and encountered the impudent stare with which the handsome fops regarded him with a glare of defiance. But he did not only suffer from the eyes of the promenaders as he passed; their tongues, busy with him ere they were out of his hearing, wounded him with wanton ruthlessness.

"Did you ever see such a fright?"

"I couldn't believe my own eyes!"

"Why wasn't he smothered in his infancy?"

"What havoc he would make in a looking-glass store?"

And so on. The subject of this exclamatory and running commentary, supposed by those who kept it up to be given beyond his earshot, had the sense of hearing almost preternaturally acute, and was pierced with many a shaft never intended to reach him. These insulting references to his exterior were, however, made inexcusably loud, and the mocking laughs that followed them were as insensate as heartless. He entered a cigar store located behind a large wooden figure of a Scotch Highlander, then standing between Reade and Duane streets, but now in the front of St. Nicholas Hotel, and was served with snuff by a florid young tobacconist, who had the politeness to gaze at him neither more nor less than he would have looked at any other ordinary customer. Two dashing young fellows, dressed in the extreme of the mode, having just bought and lighted their cigars, were, however, present, and did their best to compensate for his want of rudeness by the excess of their own. They were hardly out of the shop ere they began the following coarse and remorseless dialogue. Its subject was close behind them, and heard every word of it:

"Charlie, that old fellow's mother must have seen a devil once upon a time."

"And she never forgot him—how could she with such a vivid remembrancer in the shape of a son?"

"What would you wear, through life, such a mug as his for?"

"Why, Ned, I wouldn't change my phiz for his for all John Jacob Astor is worth. The Man with the Iron Mask and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan must have had countenances like this fellow's. Why is such a human blight allowed at all? If we subject the infected with pestilence to a quarantine, why should those afflicted with frightfulness be permitted free range in civilised society?"

"His parents neglected their duty, and he ought to fulfil it."

"How?"

"By hanging himself."

* * * * * *

Genuine sympathy is costly, for it shares and relieves the pains of others; but, without it, no one can be a true gentleman. To feel and act towards others as we would have them feel and act towards ourselves is the essence of real politeness and the etiquette of heaven. Have you never suffered with the mis-shapen and hideous man, as you saw how continually he was reminded of his deformity by the wounding stare of adults and children? Have you ever, in imagination, changed conditions with him, and endeavored to feel as you believe he does among the barbarians of civilization? If you have considered his case fairly, your mind is prepared to make allowance for the bitterness of spirit which impelled Mr. Gregory Grimgrip to mutter, as he crossed Broadway and turned into Anthony street:

"Why am I, who have done no murder, branded worse than Cain? God made me as I am, and fools find fault with his workmanship. They would have me destroy it. Would I had the power, as I have the will, to annihilate every man not uglier than myself! We would have a new standard of masculine beauty, and I—ha, ha, ha!—I would be the model. A sublime idea, if it were only practicable! Not the handsomest and grandest fop on Broadway attracts half so much attention as I do, yet am I not vain, not even flattered. I am stared at and stared after by every fool I meet. Every little brat curse them!—runs after me, with eyes and mouth wide open, and then scampers away screaming and howling its astonishment. If a man wants to stigmatize another he detests, what does he do? Growing hyperbolical, he declares his enemy to be 'As ugly as old Grimgrip.' That caps the climax. I am looked upon as a monster, and it is thought monstrous that I should lay claim to the common joys and consolations of humanity which make life endurable. It is regarded as a decree of fate that there is no amenity, no justice, no redress for me. I must be despised, wretched and content. I must bear contumely and the torture of the mind, peacefully and patiently, to the end. Where the delights of affection and the pleasures of beauty are concerned I am always omitted and forgotten, and only remembered as the ugliest of men. Shall I submit to these privations, and, like a worm, crawl that I may be trampled on? Not I. I will revel in all that the best, the bravest and the handsomest enjoy. I have wealth—plenty of it. I once bought beauty—surpassing beauty—it cost me dear, almost my life—but it was mine awhile, and for awhile I enjoyed it, triumphantly. I'll have it again, with love, too, as sure as I have more wealth than youth, more brains than beauty, more cunning than honesty, and more love for myself than for all mankind."

Gregory Grimgrip's green eyes gleamed with passion and excitement. Even in the vile neighborhood through which he was walking the rudest people moved out of his way, as soon as they caught sight of the intense expression of his face and heard the tone of his wild mutterings. Those who did not know him, observing that his carriage was too firm and equal for a drunken man, thought him mad, and others who recognised him knew how dangerous he was in his angry mood, and gave him "ample room and verge enough" as he passed them.

Mr. Grimgrip was collecting his own rents that day, and he proved a harder landlord than usual, which was needless. Bitter, sharp and menacing were his responses to the excuses of delinquent tenants, and his harshness made many a heart ache, for the year of 1837 was disastrous to the poor. He was tramping his way upwards in a dingy house in Mulberry street and had reached the second floor when he met a handsome, white-haired, old doctor.

"How is your patient, doctor?" he inquired.

"Worse; she will die before morning, I fear."

"Have you procured a nurse for her?"

"Yes; she will be with the invalid in a few minutes."

"Have you, as I requested, examined the child?"

"I have, and she is as healthy as she is beautiful."

Mr. Grimgrip bade the doctor good evening, ascended the narrow stairs, and, after knocking at a half-open door and receiving a double invitation to "come in" from one feeble voice and another clear and childlike, entered a miserable garret, containing a rickety bed, two broken chairs and a few other valueless articles of furniture. Upon the bed lay a dying woman, ghastly pale and emaciated, but still retaining the stamp of original beauty, as the storm-beat, war-rent, tattered flag its insignia of nationality. She was beauty in its last living stage, as her little daughter, sitting by her side, was loveliness in all its tender freshness and incipiency.

"Ma, Dimdip's tum!" exclaimed the little one, about two years of age, slipping off the bed and running up to the old fellow, who caught her up in his arms, kissed her, sat down near the bedside, with the child on his knee, and gave her the cakes and candy she had learned to expect from him. After making a few abortive efforts to cheer the sick woman, Grimgrip observed:

"Let us hope all will be well; but it is ever best to be prepared for the worst. Now, you owe me some months' rent and for money advanced. I have rendered myself responsible for the doctor's bill and other expenses, and see no prospect of a return for this past and prospective outlay, unless you are willing to bequeath me something. What will you do for me?"

"Anything I can. I have nothing. What can I do?" replied the dying woman, faintly.

"I am alone," said Grimgrip, with emotion; "I have no one to love me—no one to love. Shameful as has been your relatives' neglect of you, the conduct of mine towards me has been incomparably worse. They heaped contempt and contumely upon me, and gave me poison for food. I am rich, and would bequeath my property to one I love. Give me your little daughter, and she shall be my heiress."

The deadly pallor of the mother's countenance flushed and her eyes brightened for a moment with joy. She murmured her thankfulness to Heaven and then to her benefactor.

"I am content to die now," she said. "It was only for my child that I wished to live. Heaven reward you, sir, for your kindness to the poor orphan, and may you live long to enjoy the blessings of her affection and duty."

"It is a lovely child," observed Grimgrip, stroking the little one's golden ringlets. "She will soon monopolise my affections; but as soon as this bud has blossomed her relatives will, I fear, lay claim to my treasure. I wish to have a legal right to the child, that I may, without stint or apprehension, love and consider her my own daughter."

The mother intimated her willingness to sign any document calculated to strengthen his hold upon the child, and as Grimgrip had his legal papers in readiness, the nurse had no sooner arrived and another witness been procured than "the ugliest man alive," as he was called, became the sole guardian of about the loveliest little mortal ever ushered into this world of sin and snares, and had fortified his claims upon her by having her apprenticed to him till her majority.

Grimgrip gave the nurse money, and told her to procure everything her patient required. He then took his leave of the latter, kissed his little ward, and departed.

He reached his home in high spirits, and surprised his deaf and dumb housekeeper with a smile of genial grimness. She was seriously alarmed at the phenomenon, and it was not until her master had condescended to indulge her with a long digital explanation, which he afterwards elucidated by means of a slate and pencil, that she became at all reassured. Grimgrip rose very early the next morning and visited his dying tenant before he took his breakfast. He found the garret deserted by all save the mother, and she lay apparently lifeless. He thought she was dead, for death never showed more pure ghastliness than she did, awakening in the mind of the solitary gazer recollections and feelings that thrilled and harrowed his soul to its very core.

"How like and yet how unlike her corpse to Mathilde's!" he muttered. "Both so beautiful; but this so pure and hers so like—so like—like her crime. Shall I ever look in the face of beauty again without suspicion of deadly treachery? Never. Yet was this departed spirit pure, pure as her infant daughter's, for which I have laid a trap. Little did this guileless creature divine the life I intend for her innocent, or she would rather have had her heart torn from its seat or her babe slain before her eyes than have signed it away to me. But treachery for treachery! What else do I owe mankind but hatred and revenge? I will gratify both without stint or mercy. I will pity none—spare none!"

As he uttered these last ruthless syllables he looked down upon the face of the corpse, and was horrified to perceive its eyes wide open and staring at him with an expression that froze his soul. He could not move or speak, he was petrified with horror.

The nurse entered the room with the child, the mother raised herself in the bed, stretched forth her arms towards her, screaming wildly, with a voice of terrible agony:

"My child! my child! Give me my child!"

The nurse rushed forward and placed the little one in the arms of the mother, who fell back the next instant, turning to the hue of ashes, a gurgling sound rose from her throat, her stedfast eyes, fixed to the last on her child, glazed, a faint convulsion shook her frame, and she was dead.

CHAPTER II.

> Life as lively mocked as ever
> Still sleep mocked death. Let no man mock me,
> For I will kiss her. *Winter's Tale, Act V., Sc. 3.*
>
> Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
> Befits thee. *Paradise Lost, Book X.*

A MAN named Mordaunt Elfstone, who had a remarkable "method in his madness," was confined in a *maison de santé* near Paris for many years. He had long enjoyed an ample fortune, when he met with an accident which deprived him of self-control. Having previously, from long study and love of the sublime art, become a proficient in sculpture, he continued to exercise his plastic skill after his misfortune, and being supplied with materials by his rich English relatives, wrought many beautiful works in marble. Most of them were, however, lost for ever to the world, through the perversity of their mad author, who had no sooner brought them near completion than, in some wild hour, he would imagine them to be possessed with the spirit of his deadliest enemy, and, in a paroxym of fury, shatter them to atoms. Some few fine productions of his chisel were, in spite of him, snatched from destruction ere they were quite finished, but this interference with the Iconoclast of his own creations plunged him into the deepest melancholy and despair. It was most difficult on such occasions to prevent him from committing suicide, which he resolutely attempted, whenever thus cheated of his idol victims. Mordaunt Elfstone, despite his demented condition, was a grand sight to contemplate. Although not very old, his hair and beard had turned white as snow, and the latter flowed down to his waist. His figure was tall and graceful, and his features were inexpressibly noble and striking, impressing the beholder with awe and admiration. It was only in the occasional glitter and gleaming of his eyes, unnaturally brilliant, that his madness ordinarily betrayed itself. There was a dangerous winning tenderness in his voice that melted the hearer's heart with love and pity for him, and excited more melancholy wonder in the mind than could the most magnificent ruin of art the world ever saw.

When his friend Julien St. Croix introduced a very handsome young Englishman, named Bertram Hapswell to him, the haughty islander was for the first time awed by mortal presence, and thought that the august madman would have looked more at home among the gods of the ancient Grecian Olympus than even among the images of them scattered about his studio. The old sculptor in turn gazed at him with manifest pleasure, and seemed to be revived at the sight of his manly beauty.

"I heard you were melancholy, Mr. Elfstone," said Julien St. Croix, "and brought this blooming countryman of yours, in the hope that so pleasant a face would cheer you."

"I thank you, for he does me good," replied the sculptor. "He does me good, and yet he makes me sad. Young man, I was as blooming and fresh as yourself not many years ago, yet that reflection does not make me sigh, for my good looks were my curse, and brought me to what and where you see me. No; it is not that. It is because my art fails me. I revel in all color, but it is not given me to represent it. I can give the graceful waves of your chestnut hair, but not its hue, nor the happy blending of white and red in your transparent complexion. But even of these prettinesses the need I could well endure, but the eye, the glorious, life-illumined, soul-speaking eye, is lost to my art as to a blind man."

Bertram Hapswell answered not a word, but his frank, blue eye expressed sympathy with the sculptor.

"Which is your art?" demanded the latter.

"I have no art," said the young Englishman, simply, "but sculpture is my adoration; for, as far as its pretensions extend, it is perfect; but painting, assuming so vast a province, is rarely but a very partial and modified success."

The sculptor's eyes gleamed like burning stars upon the speaker, as he examined him again from head to foot. Bertram, although appearing in the full bloom of health, evidently possessed a very delicate organization, and his countenance sometimes evinced a degree of nervous sensibility it was almost painful to observe. He was one of those beings who can stand unmoved amidst a crashing world, and yet at another time be overwhelmed by what many would consider a trifle.

"You shall see my lost love," said Elfstone.

He drew a curtain and displayed a magnificent piece of unfinished sculpture, representing a female of ineffable beauty, upon whose exquisitely delicate face the expression of longing for some one lost and dear was portrayed with touching tenderness and fidelity. The sweetness of melancholy and an atmosphere of gentle sighs seemed to encompass the figure, and the perfection of the proportions were unheeded and forgotten in the delicious sentiment of the masterpiece.

"Who is this?" asked Bertram Hapswell. "The marble is the seeming, for she lives and I love her. What is her name? tell me, for I will wed no other."

St. Croix looked at the ardent Englishman with surprise and wonder, and regretted that he had brought such a mental incendiary near the madman.

"Muta is her name, for she cannot yet speak," said the sculptor, gravely. "She is my daughter, and when she is as sentient and perfect as Pygmalion's creation she shall be affianced to you."

"She is lovelier now; I cannot wait," said Bertram with impatient imperiousness, ranging himself beside the statue and clasping its beautiful hand. "Betroth us now!"

"I do!" exclaimed the artist, carried away by the earnestness of the youth. "Call me father henceforth, for I will have no other son."

Julien St. Croix thought he beheld two madmen instead of one. But this scene of untempered enthusiasm passed like a dream. Bertram kissed his marble fiancée; the curtain that shrouded it from the gaze of the profane was drawn together, and rational conversation resumed with the most facile transition.

Elfstone talked with unusual brilliancy, and St. Croix congratulated him on his excellent spirits.

"You brought them with you, Julien, in the shape of your friend. I was fast sinking into the depths of despair, for my Serpent has deserted me. I have not seen her for seven weeks, and I fear she is gone for ever."

It was now Bertram Hapswell's turn to look puzzled and dubious. St. Croix replied calmly:

"She has been to Rome, I believe, but I think I saw her in the cathedral this morning. She will doubtless visit you to-day."

"She cares for me no longer, the ingrate," rejoined the artist, in sudden wrath. "Look at this beautiful Virgin and Child I carved for her! Since she does not think it worth a visit, thus I dash—"

"Hold! I am here!" shouted a voice behind them.

Turning round they all beheld the "Serpent" standing near them, tall, slender, graceful as the undulating sea, and smiling with a sweetness that seemed neither of earth nor heaven. Remarkable as was her appearance in every respect, it was impossible to see her for the first time and think of anything but her eyes. They resembled the sculptor's, but though not more penetrating, were softer, darker, and more alluring and fascinating in their gaze. They had not the hard, glossy brightness of the serpent's little orbs, but a lustre so warm and melting that they seemed intended merely to look love into the heart and dissolve it with their tender ardency. Bertram Hapswell, whose sensibilities were so acute as to embarass him continually, felt the power of their glance and of the strange beauty's presence kindling in his being emotions unfelt before, and he no longer marvelled at her influence over Mordaunt Elfstone.

Her brow was low, broad, fair and indicative of great perception; her eyebrows strongly penciled by Nature's graceful hand; her nose small and saucily chiseled; her mouth, though not diminutive, very beautiful; and her hair black as night and profusely redundant. But it was her swan-like neck, her slender form, lithe as a snake's, and her exquisitely rounded arms, tapering to hands of almost infantile size; and still more, the sinuosity of her address, so subdolous and ingratiating, that had suggested to the mad sculptor the idea of calling her his Serpent.

She burst into a low musical laugh at the start of surprise her effective entrance had caused, displaying two shining rows of small pearly teeth between her luscious lips, while her eyes danced with wild electricity.

"Come, thou truant Serpent of my bosom!" exclaimed the old artist, stretching forth his long arms to her. "Coil thyself about me, for my heart has grown cold from long want of thy young life."

She undulated into his arms, twined herself about him with fawning tenderness, murmuring affection and kissing him with filial fondness. Their mutual gaze was like a stream of light, and for awhile they were so absorbed with each other as to seem wholly unconscious of other presence.

The young men had withdrawn to the further side of the studio, and pretended to be examining and discussing the merits of an ancient torso, of which a cast lay in the corner; but Elfstone soon recalled them to him and introduced Bertram to his Serpent, as he called his beauteous protegée. She greeted St. Croix, with whom she was already acquainted, with winning grace, and bowed to Hapswell, to whom she was a stranger, with the elegance of the most refined lady. The Englishman, who at first hardly knew whether the passionate feeling she excited in him was aversion or attraction to her, now began to believe with a sort of vague terror that she would compel him to love her in spite of his own will and conviction.

He walked resolutely away from her several times, but soon found himself again by her side, listening to her half-murmured conversation, and gradually kindling under the magic effect of her sidelong glances.

"Am I permitted to know your real name?" he inquired of her.

"Are you not satisfied with the Serpent?" she replied. "Do you think I am like one?"

"I should certainly prefer another name for you," replied Hapswell, evasively.

"But you think it only too appropriate," said she, withdrawing herself, while a shadow crossed her brow and a gleam shot from her eyes.

"Heavens!" muttered Bertram to himself, "she could not have looked more like the creature she is named after if she had coiled herself up for a spring."

But she came back to him the next moment with a smile of quintessential sweetness, and, extending her little velvet-like hand, said:

"I forgive you for not telling me the falsehood I asked of you. My name is Marina Nitouche. Call me Marina, if you please."

As Hapswell raised her hand to his lips he felt a strange life thrill through him, and said:

"I am afraid of you."

"Why?"

"Because you are able to awaken feelings in me that had better slumber for ever."

"You are too young for such cold caution. Why should you deny yourself any great sensation? I never do."

At these remarks Hapswell opened his eyes rather wide, and the Serpent, thinking she had betrayed too much of herself, would fain have withdrawn into the thicket.

"You are right, Marina I suppose I ought to run the gauntlet of this world's heart-buffetings with the rest, but I begin to suspect that I am in this regard an arrant coward."

"You are, if you are afraid of me."

"I do not see that. We are, however, all cowards in one sense or another. I have too much perception not to be apprehensive of you; but if you will do me a favor—I dare you to do it—I will fear you no more."

"If it be honest, I will."

"Be yourself the judge. Look me truly and fairly in the eyes, and tell me you are not dangerous?"

In a moment the Serpent lifted her black orbs to comply, met the clear, frank, fearless blue eyes of the Englishman, and dropped her glance as quickly. Thus directly had she never stared at any one, except in hate or triumph. It was to her like outglaring the sun. What she had intended to utter was, too, she knew, a lie, which she could easily have spoken while glancing askance, but which she found very hard to tell while encountering the steadfastness of his pure, manly gaze.

"Try again," said he, tauntingly.

"I do not like to look into any man's face so boldly. If I were the Serpent I am called, I would gaze you into helplessness."

"Which is the coward now?"

"Not I. I will do it, wound my modesty as it may."

She lifted her eyes, flashing through their tears, to his, and said, steadily:

"I—am—not—dangerous."

"I will take you at your word, Marina; at least, if I cannot help doubting, I will act as if I trusted you implicitly."

"You break your bargain with me at once, but your countrymen are proverbial with us for perfidy; why should I look for an exception in you?"

St. Croix had been showing a book on gothic and emblematic architecture to Elfstone, and expressing his views of its merits, while the preceding dialogue, which now attracted the sculptor's attention, was in progress, and the old man called out:

"What! my son, are you flirting with my Serpent? Beware! she will coil about your heart, entwine with your affections, and make you her slave for life."

"I have just been telling her that I foresaw the danger, and entreating her to spare me."

"And I had just convinced him how harmless I am when you broke in, and with a word undid the good work."

"So much the better. "He is betrothed to Muta. An act of infidelity on his part would not only break her heart but shatter her to atoms, and the next time he came hither he would find her remains swept from my studio."

"Well," retorted Marina, as she turned with a mischievous smile to Hapswell, "I consent at your father's intercession to spare you, for fear of breaking the stony heart of your fiancée.

"Allow me," she continued in a tone of mock solemnity, taking one of his hands in both of hers, which sent her electricity quivering to his heart; "allow me to congratulate you on your narrow escape; for I now ingeniously confess that, like a siren, I did intend to lull you into the slumber of false security, in order that I might devour you at my leisure. I am not a serpent only—the serpent is only the lowest base of my nature; I am a royal Bengal tigress also; in fact, a menagerie. I am a crocodile in deceit, a fox in cunning, a monkey in mischief and a panther in stealth. I am ravenous as a wolf, obstinate as a mule, revengeful as an elephant, insatiable as a shark, and fatal as a cobra de capello."

A truce to irony," said the demented but cunning sculptor. "You would have done all you say if I had not forbidden it. Why don't you try your arts on this young saint here? The capture of the soul of St. Croix would be a victory upon which Satan might plume himself, but such prone sinner as we are fall, like over-ripe fruit, on the slightest provocation."

CHAPTER III.

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.

Snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death.
Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. 4.

THE two young men took their leave of the sculptor and Marina Nitouche, and returned to Paris together.

"Bertram," observed Julien, as soon as they were fairly on their way, "I promised to introduce you to a remarkable man, and I think you will admit that I have kept my word."

"You have, Julien. Elfstone is a marvel. I never saw a being who looked so capable of receiving the highest degree of inspiration."

"He was very quiet and rational to-day. I cannot say as much for one of his guests, who passes for a sane person."

"Your humble servant? I assure you that I can no more than yourself account for the impulse upon which I acted so wildly. I have, however, as little of the phlegm and stolidity of my countrymen as Elfstone; and an intense nature like his, in its moments of exalted enthusiasm and frenzy, sweeps mine away with it like the flood of a cataract."

"You informed me, prior to our visit, that you are partially acquainted with Elfstone's history. In this respect you have the advantage of me."

"I once received from a relative of his a brief outline of the incidents supposed to have caused his insanity. He was so unfortunate as to fall in love with the fiancée of his elder brother Alfred, while the latter was absent with his regiment in India, and upon the report of Alfred's death, married the not inconsolable fair, who is said by some to have been the most beautiful woman in England. The elder brother was, however, alive, and returned suddenly to hear Mordaunt's conduct maliciously misrepresented to him, rushed to the house of his successful rival, gained access, and encountered our friend on the stairs, who gazed upon his brother like a man paralysed with horror. Alfred mistook his amazement for guilt, and in his rage hurled him to the bottom of the stairs. He seems to have made no effort to save himself, and fell upon his head, sustaining the injury which has so lamentably affected his reason. The young wife, hearing the noise of a fall, ran out of her room, beheld her former betrothed lover, as she fancied at the moment, risen from his grave, and swooned away. Imagining that he had killed his brother and perhaps frightened his sister-in-law out of her mind, Alfred Elfstone rushed out of the house as abruptly and madly as he had entered it, and was, I believe, never heard of afterwards. Some say he committed suicide, but I believe his fate has never been ascertained with certainty. Mordaunt attempted to trace him, but was himself found wandering among the Alps, as crazy and remorseful as Byron's Manfred, and was finally placed in the *maison de santé* in which we have just visited him. His wife was dispatched by some interested and mercenary relatives after him in a wrong direction, and died abroad, it is supposed, heaven only knows how or where. Such is the sum of my information concerning my father-in-law elect."

"My knowledge of his antecedents amounted next to nothing; but I have recently visited him almost daily, on account of a medical prediction of which I am told he was the subject in 1838, now ten years ago, according to which he will be restored to his nominal condition and regain the perfection of his rational faculty within a few weeks of the present time. I need not tell you how eagerly I hope that this scientific prophecy will be verified, or that I would not omit witnessing so great and glorious a phenomenon for the world."

"I never heard of this before, but I will watch the event with you, with an interest as deep and a hope as fervent as your own. But I have this day been introduced to a person who has excited my curiosity and interest even more than Elfstone."

"You mean Marina Nitouche."

"I do. I have read much in poetry and romance of the Snake-Woman, but she is the first genuine specimen of the species I ever beheld."

"You do not overrate this singular creature. Her mobility is marvellous, and I think it would be hard to tell what form she has not assumed. Of late she has been haunting old cathedrals, ancient altars, sacred places, and has just returned from Rome and an interview with the Holy Father of the Church, and passes for a saint with some of the most devout. When in the presence of Elfstone, however, she keeps her piety in the background, for any undue exhibition of it is certain to drive him into a bitter and caustic mood from which she well may shrink."

"Her intimacy with Elfstone is a strange one."

"Not at all. In another it might appear out of the way, but with her it is the most natural thing in the world. She has many friends by whom she is equally beloved. The Countess of Viandis makes an idol of her. That she has good cause I can bear witness. I had just paid a visit to Cardinal Wiseman and some of your Oxonian scholars, with whom I had long corresponded, and was returning by way of New Haven and Dieppe, when I first saw Marina. She was plainly dressed and thickly veiled, and would have escaped my notice but for her eyes, the remarkable fascination of which I need not describe to you. The Countess of Viandis was on board, and her lovely infant daughter was in the arms of her nurse, a lively girl, who, by way of amusing the child, had engaged in a little game with a handsome large dog that happened to be on board. The dog was a goodnatured but rough romp, and pursued his playmate to the bulwarks, where it raised itself on its hind legs, and with its forepaws and opened mouth threw itself upon the breast of the now terror-stricken girl, who leant back, and in her struggle to extricate herself from her rudely sportive assailant, lost her hold of her little charge, and dropped the innocent into the English Channel. The nurse's screams the next moment reached the ears of the countess, who rushed to the spot, fearing that the dog was tearing her child. When she became aware of the truth, she would, had she not been withheld, have leaped after her infant into the sea, and have been drowned. The count, who was no better swimmer than his wife, rushed to the captain and implored him to reverse the engines and save his daughter. The captain promptly adopted every measure calculated to effect any good, without entertaining the slightest hope that they would be of any avail. But Marina, who was standing near the nurse when she let the little one drop into the waves, without a moment's hesitation, and with action quick as lightning flung off her bonnet and shawl, snapped the strings that supported her skirts, and leaped into the sea. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and saw the beautiful woman rise to the surface with the babe in her arms. Her long hair was streaming down her shoulders, her black eyes burning with excitement, as she swam with the ease of a mermaid, and looked like one. With one arm she held the child and with the other made the waves sustain her, gliding through them as if they were her native element. A boat was lowered, and, after a delay that, encumbered as she was, would have exhausted almost any other swimmer, she was picked up and taken on board. The countess caught the babe from her arms and covered it with kisses and tears. Poor Marina stood before her with her long hair, almost reaching to her heels, streaming with salt water, her tight velvet bodice saturated and dripping, and her chemise clinging to her limbs in a manner more suggestive of their perfect symmetry than conducive to her comfort; and the count, taking the infant from its mother, bade the latter show some regard for its preserver. In a moment the countess sprang towards Marina, pressed her, wet as she was, to her heart, and kissed her neck, face and lips with a great and sudden affection, that, strange to say, seems never to have abated. Marina was led blushing into the cabin, and soon reappeared in dry attire, apparently, and, I really think, actually more unheedful of what she had done than any of the spectators. The countess would not, during the remainder of the voyage allow her out of her sight for a minute, and is now as enthusiastic about her as ever, maintaining strenuously that she has the loftiest soul and the tenderest heart of any of her sex."

"Are you of the same opinion?"

"No; I hold Marina to be one of the most dangerous women alive. She is a sad coquette, if not worse. She is in league with secret and subversive societies, and is as treacherous as the element after which she is christened."

"She is, then, in your opinion, a sort of sea-serpent?"

"She is a woman capable of all good and all evil, but sadly prone to the latter."

"She is indeed a terrific beauty, and I trust I shall have the prudence to shun her sweet society."

"You apprehend that you might fall in love with her, and that she would but mock you for it?"

"I did but jest; I fear nothing, for I have a talisman that will protect me against the fascinations of the basilisk."

"I wish I was as well provided. I believe, however, that her fickleness and indifference are our best and only actual safeguards after all. For who could resist Marina, if she once devoted her charms to his subjugation?"

BREASTWORKS OF THE FIFTH CORPS.

14th New York awaiting Attack.

THE battles have not been in open field, as our readers know. The armies fought in dense woods, and used them for defence. At night trees were felled, and formed with earth into temporary breastworks. If time permitted a double line was made, as shown in the case illustrated in our engraving. Here our men would make a stand against the enemy, whose approach was heralded only by their presence.

The sketch shows the breastworks of the 5th corps (Warren's) on the left, where the 14th New York, the well-known Brooklyn regiment, were posted.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 10.

ON Tuesday the incessant storm of battle culminated in the most terrific battle of the campaign Of this our Artists have sent us extended views. The court-house cannot be seen, but it lies about the centre of the view behind the woods. Hancock's 2d corps is on the right, Warren's 5th corps in the centre, Wright's 6th corps on the left. Dense woods, thick set with underbrush covered the enemy's position; masses of troops could be seen but in glimpses, except when they plunged into the woods, or meeting too fierce an opposition, recoiled.

Our sketch shows Hartraft's 1st brigade 3d division (Wilcox's) 9th corps going into action on the left, and on the right the remainder of Gen. Burnside's corps coming up in season to decide the day.

The rebel line is in the distance.

GEN. BUTLER'S FORCES LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with Grant's advance Gen. Butler, the man of all others most hated by the rebels, advanced up the James river, after deluding the enemy by a false show. He seized Wilson's wharf landing and debarked a brigade of Wild's colored troops there. Our Artist shows the landing of two regiments of the same brigade at Fort Powhatan, an important position which the rebels used frequently for the purpose of annoying us with field artillery, never having thoroughly fortified and manned it. This is now held permanently by our troops, as part of the grand operations on the river.

FRY'S GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS,

Represented at Philadelphia, May 4, to open the Musical Festival for the Sanitary Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, to give her Sanitary Fair a new zest, initiates the entertainments by a representation of Fry's grand opera of Notre Dame de Paris, which has been crowned with perfect success. The opera itself is a proof of the immense stride made as a composer by the author since his opera of Leonora some years since, and brought out faithfully, and without the prejudice which prevails too generally, would soon be a universal favorite.

The gorgeousness of wardrobe, scenery and other accessories will prove another objection. There are actually few places where it could be properly produced. The representation in Philadelphia was eminently successful, and with all the difficulties of a first night, and a company by no means homogeneous or rendered so by practice, the music was given remarkably well.

To convey the merits of the divine art to our readers is not our province, but we give a fine and truthful sketch of one of the most striking scenes—the grotesque procession and march of the Hunchback.

THE PRANKS OF A JACKDAW.—The visitors to Ilkley Wells have been much amused of late by the freaks of a tame jackdaw. Not a conveyance travels to the village but "Jack" is sure to be there to receive the visitors, acting, in fact, as if he were the master of the ceremonies for the place. "Jack" is a frequent visitor at the parish church, but his vagaries in that sacred edifice were so extraordinary as to lead to an edict being promulgated by the authorities that he was to be excluded in future. One Sunday morning "Jack" again appeared at divine service, to the disgust of several of the congregation. Intimation was given to Moses, the village bellman, and Blue, the rural policeman on duty in the township; and they were instructed to remove the bird. "Jack" was too sharp for them, however, for he actually took possession of the pulpit, and amused himself by taking an inventory of the contents. When the vicar went to the altar "Jack" alighted on the reading desk, and appeared to be busily engaged in studying the morning lessons until the sermon was nearly over, when his quick eye observed an elderly lady in an adjoining pew deposit her gold spectacles on her prayer-book. In a moment "Jack" was down on the prize, and flew with his booty to the altar table, where he stayed during the remainder of the service. Previous to the communion, Moses and the solitary Bobby again attempted to eject the sable intruder, but the daw was not to be done, for he took refuge on the top of the organ, and waited there until the sacrament was over. The churchwardens have since given strict orders that "Jack" is to be caged during church hours, or else that his life is to be sacrificed; but the villagers, on the other hand, declare that they could better spare old Moses or the policeman.

THOSE real gems of thought that shine like stars in the night, were not struck out at a heat, as sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are, but fashioned and polished with a patient, and a weary, and an aching head and heart.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

WALKING apart she thinks none listen,
And now she carols, and now she stops;
While the evening star begins to glisten
Between the lines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy! your mother taught you
All uses and cares that to maids belong,
Apt scholar to read and to sew, she thought you,
But she did not teach you that tender song!

A crash of boughs—one through them breaking!
Mercy is startled, and fain would fly;
But e'en as she turns, her steps o'ertaking,
He pleads with her—"Mercy, it is but I!"

"Mercy!" he touches her hand unbidden—
"The air is balmy, I pray you stay—
"Mercy!" Her downcast eyes are hidden,
And never a word she has to say.

Till closer drawn, her prisoned fingers
He takes to his lips with a yearning strong,
And she murmurs low that late she lingers,
Her mother will want her, and think her long.

"Good mother is she, then honor duly
The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a bond yet dearer truly,
And there is a love which passeth hers."

"Mercy, Mercy!" Her heart attendeth,
And the blush on her maiden brow is sweet;
She lifts her face when his own he bendeth,
And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

An Amorous Aeronaut.

A LATE French journal relates the following story, which, it will be seen, is French all over:

While Monsieur Gadard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without spectacles. The little man being filled with gas rose majestically into the air and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man arrived the same afternoon in sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievre. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of the toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and thought she was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of corset-lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise, and immediately the casement was thrown open and our little balloon man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan, "Ah, monsieur, go away or you will ruin me!" the husband furiously rushes in, crying, "Ah, the wretch, I have him now!" and goes in search of his sword to run him through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs:

"Fly, fly, monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy!"

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, for good cause, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when, lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

A WITTY ARCHBISHOP. — "Young Yorick" contributes to *Notes and Queries* some of the witty sayings for which Archbishop Whateley was famous in Dublin:

"What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

Morrow's Library is the Mudie of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Day a popular preacher. "How inconsistent," said the Archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here: they go to Day for a sermon and to Morrow for a novel."

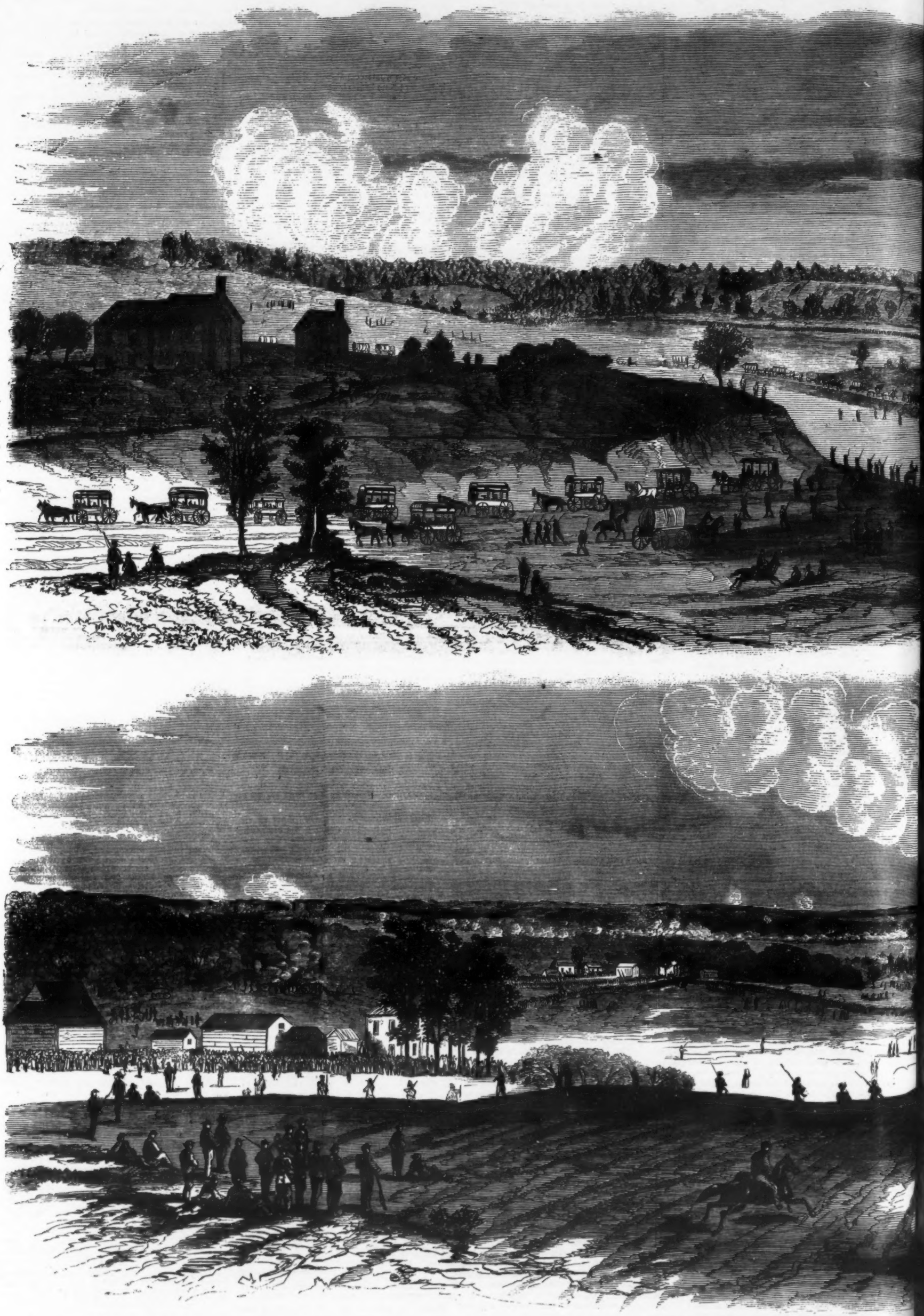
At a dinner-party he called out suddenly to the host, "Mr. ——, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?" After the usual number of guesses the answer came, "Ann Chovy!"

Dr. Gregg, the new bishop, and he at dinner. Archbishop: "Come, though you are John Cork, you mustn't stop the bottle here." The answer was not inapt: "I see your lordship is determined to draw me out."

On Dr. K——'s promotion to the Bishopric of Down, an appointment in some quarters unpopular: "The Irish Government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this!"

At a Lord Lieutenant's banquet a grace was given of unusual length. "My lord," said the Archbishop, "did you ever hear the story of Lord Mulgrave's chaplain?" "No," said the Lord Lieutenant. "A young chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. 'Sir,' said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, 'there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before.' 'Oh, my lord,' said the flattered chaplain, 'it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject.' 'I heard the clock strike twice,' said Lord Mulgrave.'"

A WOMAN WITH HORNS.—The New York *Observer* of the 12th inst. contains a letter from its correspondent at Larnaca, in the island of Cyprus (Turkish dominions), describing a most remarkable *lusus naturæ* recently discovered there. It is nothing less than a woman with horns growing out of her head. She has one large horn on the side of her head of the size and consistency of an ordinary ram's horn, besides three or four cornicles on other parts of the head. The writer says that he has seen her, and that she has been visited by nearly all the Consuls and Europeans in that place, some of whom are making an effort to secure her for exhibition.



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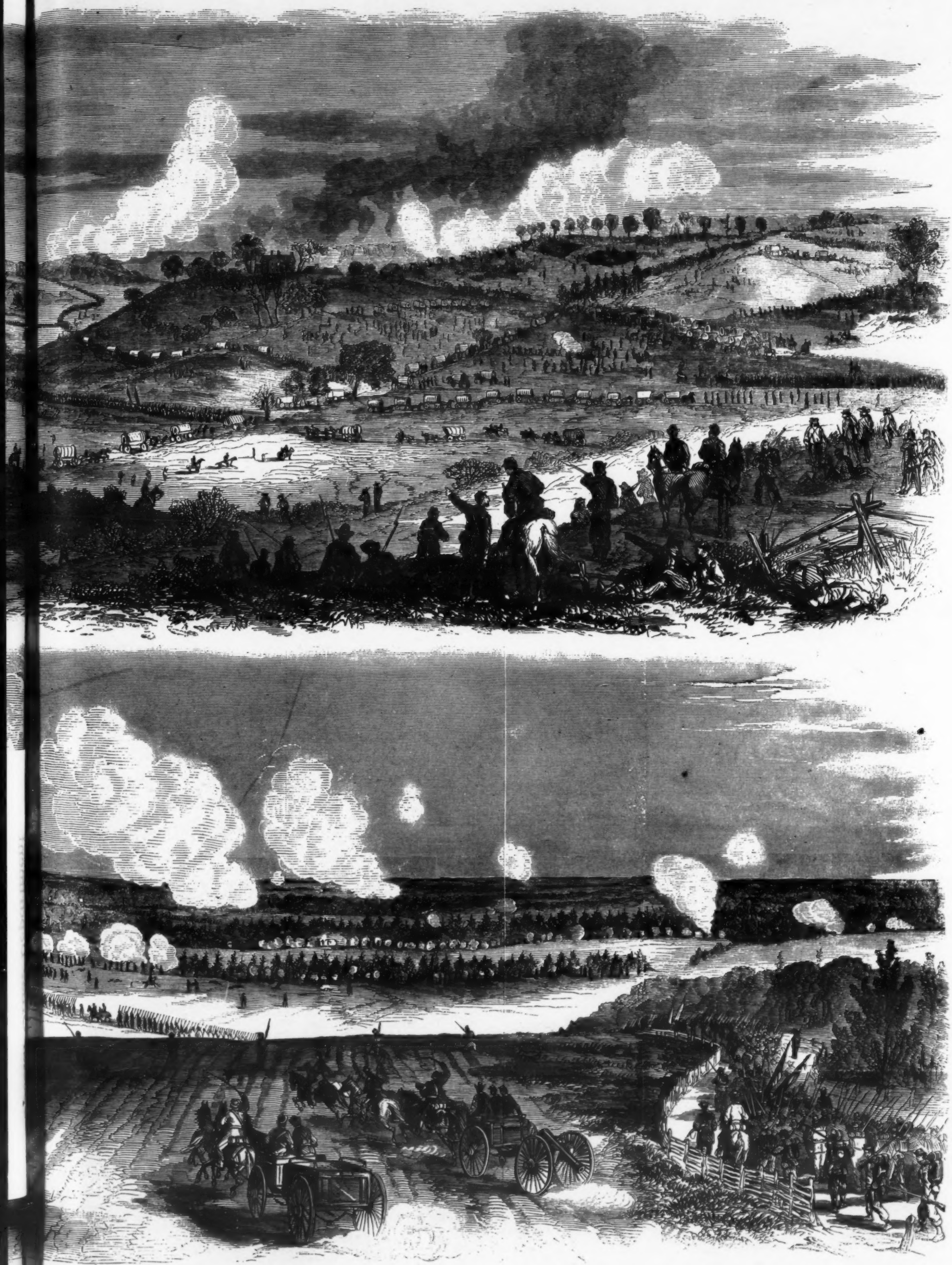


SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—2. THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, MAY 10—THE FIGHT ON THE LEFT.
.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

A WEDDING SONG.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Oh, Love, though life's secluded ways
Allure us on with many a smile,
With many a sweet and tender wile,
We may not waste our precious days.

As sealights on a rocky shore
Illumine all the gloom around,
And guide the sailor homeward bound,
When dark and angry tempests lower,

So we, from our sweet height of bliss,
May be the blessed light which saves
Some toilworn battler with the waves,
Who never knew a love like this.

Sweet faith and trust shall be the crown
That brightens both our happy brows,
And faith in love and wedded vows
Shall cheat the world of worldly scorn.

And Love when envious storms assail,
Our hearts made by each other strong,
Shall do brave battle with the wrong,
And turn to love the bitter gale.

Our two souls, blended into one,
Shall walk in humble trust in God,
The way our blessed Saviour trod,
Until our earthly work is done.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—CONTINUED.

Lost and guilty as this woman was, there existed still one human feeling in her soul—even in his rage he could feel that she spoke the truth—she was not asking mercy for herself—she was pleading for the innocent girl whose future would be destroyed were it known how vile the creature was with whom she had been the associate.

"Where will you go—what will you do?"

"Anything—anything! You shall never hear from me again."

"You are going to that man! I will shoot him before your eyes—you shall see him die at your feet."

"There is no life so horrible that I would not prefer it to his presence," she said; "no death so shameful that it would not be heaven compared to seeing his face."

There was a brief pause then; Mellen caught up the spade again.

She thought he was about to kill her. She sank on her knees, and a broken prayer rose to her lips. She would not have struggled; she would have knelt there and received death patiently from his hands.

"Do you think me lost and vile as yourself?" he cried, reading her thoughts in this gesture. "I do not want your life—do with it what you will! For my innocent sister's sake I will spare you—but go—go where I never can hear your name—let me have no reason to know that you exist! If you cross my path again nothing shall keep me from exposing you to the whole world."

She made an effort to rise, but he put out his hand.

"Sit still," he said; "I have work to do—you shall stand by and watch."

He began throwing the earth back into the trench, and Elizabeth sat still and watched him.

It seemed to her that she did not suffer—there was nothing in her mind save the blank feeling which one might experience sitting over the ruin an earthquake had made, after it had buried up home, love, everything the soul clings to. He filled up the chasm and smoothed the earth down over it carefully. Then, without a pause, he straightened the lid of the coffin—there was no haste, no recoiling—he drove back the nails that he had loosened into their place—then he raised the box in his arms, saying, only:

"Come!"

She rose from the ground—she did not ask a single question, but followed him slowly down the avenue towards the outer gates. They passed through, out into the high road, up the little hill, Mellen walking sternly on, and the woman following.

They reached the graveyard; the fence was broken in one place; Mellen wrenched off the picket and forced a passage. He passed through, and Elizabeth mechanically kept in his footsteps. At the lower end of the graveyard was a single grave, with the earth still fresh around it; not a tuft of grass had sprung on the torn soil, but dead leaves had drifted over it, and the frost crusted it drearily, turning its moisture to ice. Elizabeth might have recognised this grave as one that had been given to a fair woman who had perished in the late shipwreck, had she found any room for thought instead of her great misery. But she only saw a dreary-looking grave, at which Mellen paused. He set down the coffin and again raised his spade. Elizabeth stood by, silently turning to stone, as it were. She watched him dig a deep cavity, saw him lower the box down into it, then he began filling up the gap.

"It is done," he said; "we part, and for ever."

"We part here!" echoed Elizabeth.

"I have no more to say," he went on; "no words that I could speak would be able to change anything. If you can live, do so; but, remember, death comes at last—death and the judgment. I think, had your sin been other than it is, I could have promised you forgiveness in your last hour. But the horror of your crime in choosing that man——"

"I never knew it," she broke in. "Oh, believe that—do believe that! I ask nothing more—I have no right even to ask so much—but if you should one day hear that I am dead, believe that I have now told you the truth."

"You have the means of subsistence," he went on; "the stocks I settled upon you will be sufficient for your support."

"Only say that when I am dead you will pardon me—only say that, Grantley Mellen, for I have great need of one kind word."

"You will be careful that your name never reaches my ear," he went on, regardless of her appeal. "Hide yourself in some strange land, where no tidings of you may ever come near my home. I warn you, for your own sake."

"Give me your forgiveness in my dying hour," was all she moaned; "only that, Grantley, for I have loved you so!"

"I will not. This mockery is worse than your sin!" he exclaimed. "If it was to keep your soul from eternal torture I could not speak a pardoning word."

She fell forward upon the ground, moaning still:

"Only for my deathbed—your pardon for my deathbed?"

"Never! Never!"

The voice rang out clear and sharp, as steel striking steel. It was like the sound of prison doors shutting out the last gleam of hope and light from a condemned criminal.

"Don't be found here," he said; "don't ever be heard of again. We are parting now for ever. Go, look to the shelter of my roof, I will not send you forth in darkness—go, but we meet no more!"

He turned and walked away, she lay there and watched him threading his path among the graves.

He had reached the palings, he was passing through. She raised herself, her last expiring energy went out in one agonized cry:

"Your pardon—for my deathbed—Grantley—husband!"

He never turned, never paused—perhaps he did not hear—but walking steadily and firmly on, disappeared down the hill.

Elizabeth looked up at the cold sky; the moon was partially hidden, the dawn was struggling up gray and chilled in the east, the wind moaned faintly among the graves, and rustled her garments with a sound like the stirring of a shroud; there she sat among the graves of her world, as utterly helpless and lost as if eternity swept between her and the past, and there she remained during some minutes that lengthened out like years, with the wind moaning around her and dead leaves crackling under her feet. She could see her old home through the naked trees, with the dull smoke curling in clouds above the chimneys, and the great trees sweeping their naked branches over it. Oh, how her heart yearned towards it, how wistfully her eyes watched all those signs of her forfeited life through the leafless grove and the drifting leaves!

Grantley Mellen turned back to the miserable grandeur of his home. The proud heart ached in his bosom. But what if, from fear or weakness, she did not return to the house? What if she remained there among the cold graves or wandered off in terror of his wrath?

The graveyard was full half a mile from the spot where this thought struck him. He turned at once and went back, feeling how unmanly it was to leave the miserable creature alone, stricken with such anguish. He remembered how her uncovered head had drooped under his denunciations in the moonlight, that the cold wind had lifted the waves of her hair and revealed the dead marble of a face in which all hope was quenched. Notwithstanding his wrongs, notwithstanding the ache at his heart, he would go back and take her home for that one night—only for that one night.

He walked rapidly towards the graveyard, more eager now to find Elizabeth than he had been to separate from her only a brief time before. He looked to the right and left in search of her, but the moon was obscured now by thin gray clouds, and a fog drifting up from the ocean was fast obliterating the crowd of golden stars that had been so brilliant when he went forth.

Mellen walked on, growing more and more anxious, till he came in sight of the graveyard, then he paused under a clump of cedars; for he saw his unhappy wife forcing her way, in desperate haste, through the broken pickets of the fence, with her face turned homewards. The gray woollen shawl was floating loosely around her, giving a weird ghostliness to her appearance.

Mellen turned and went back, sheltering himself under the cedar trees. When he saw that she was safe a revulsion came upon his feelings, a sense of the wrong she had done him returned with bitter force, and when she passed along the outskirts of the cedars, making her way down the hill, he retreated deeper into the shadows, recoiling from contact with her.

"She will go home," he said, gloomily, "no one is more familiar with the paths through the woods. Thank heaven she does not know that I am weak enough to care for her safety! Let her reach the house first, we shall be less likely to meet."

With these thoughts in his mind he lingered in the cedars till Elizabeth was out of sight. The wind was dying away in low sobs now, smothered down by the fog, through which he could hear the moaning of the ocean afar off.

Mellen left the shelter of the woods and made the best of his way home, believing that his wife had already found a shelter there.

The house was dark and still as the grave when he entered it again. Instinctively he trod with caution along the halls and crept stealthily upstairs, for in the depths of his heart he was anxious to conceal Elizabeth's movements that night from the servants, and, above all, from Elsie. He paused and listened a moment in the square passage that led to her rooms, hoping to hear some movement by which he could be certain that she had come in safely. But there was no sound, and he turned away sighing, for compassion and the tender pity which every generous man feels for a fallen woman whom he had once loved was turning the bitterness of his rage into intense pain.

Hearing nothing, and with vague uncertainty at his heart, the unhappy man entered his own dark chamber, threw off his clothes and flung himself into bed, wretched beyond any power of my pen to describe.

But he could not sleep, could not even rest, the very effort at repose drove him wild. He got up again, dressed himself and sat down by the open window, looking out into the darkness. All at once he started and leaned far out of the window. Was it fancy, or had some wailing voice pronounced his name? Something gray and weird seemed floating from his sight through the gathering fog. At first it had the form of a human being, then it seemed as if a pair of wings unfurled and swallowed it up. Was it his wife? Could that winglike envelopment be her gray woollen shawl, tossed by the wind? Had her voice been engulphed in the far-off moan of the ocean? In this dreary state the unhappy and most wronged man sat all the rest of that gloomy night.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The day began; the sun was up; once more the old house awoke to life and activity.

Sitting in his chamber, Grantley Mellen heard the familiar sounds below; he knew that life must sweep in again, that he must rise once more and go forth among his fellow-men, hiding his misery as best he might, taking his place in the world and bearing the secret burden of his dishonored life. He went to the window, swept back the curtains which he had drawn over it, and looked at himself in the glass. If he had wished to know how his corpse would look after the ravages of time and disease, he could have learned in that prolonged gaze.

It was absolutely the face of a dead man; even the eyes looked lifeless—there was only a heavy, stony expression, which had neither life or humanity in it.

It was late in the morning when Elsie awoke from the heavy slumber which had succeeded her swoon. For a few moments she lay still, believing that the events of the past night had been only a dream. Suddenly she raised herself with a cry—she had caught sight of the shawl which Elizabeth had wrapped about her—she knew that it was all real.

She sprang out of bed, opened the door, ran through the empty chamber and entered her sister's room, crying:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

There was no answer—she looked about—the fire had died down in the grate, the room was empty and desolate as a grave.

She hurried through into the sleeping apartment, calling still in a voice which frightened herself:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

The bedchamber was empty too—the bed untouched.

"Gone!" cried the wretched girl. "Gone! Where is she? What has become of her? Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

She shrieked frightfully in her anguish—cried out in such terrible anxiety that the sound reached the chamber where Grantley Mellen sat.

He went out into the hall and approached the door of the dressing-room. Elsie heard him—her first impulse was to flee, but her limbs refused to aid her.

She heard him try the door—heard him call:

"Elsie! Elsie!"

She must meet him—there was no escape.

Again the summons was repeated, and more imperatively.

"Elsie, open the door—quick, I say?"

She got to the door, she turned the key; her brother entered quickly, and there they stood, in Elizabeth's desolate room.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she cried. "I can't find her—I want Elizabeth."

Mellen felt a shiver of dread pass through his frame. He pushed the chamber-door open and looked in, pale with anxiety. She was not there—the bed was untouched, and gleamed upon him through the crimson light that filled the room like a crusted snowbank. There was none of that luxurious confusion which usually marks the apartment of a sleeping lady. The rich toilet service was in complete order. There was no jewellery flung down with half sleepy indifference, no garments laying ready for use on the chairs, or across the sofa. The silken window curtains were drawn close. The carpet looked like moss in the deep shadows of an autumnal forest.

"Gone, gone! Oh, my God, what has become of her?" he exclaimed.

"Where—what has happened? Is she dead? Oh, I shall go mad—I shall go mad now," cried Elsie.

She fell into spasms, but still preserved her senses sufficiently not to speak again—she dared not utter a word more, lest she should betray her knowledge of Elizabeth's sorrow.

Mellen carried her to the sofa and laid her down upon it, wrapped shawls and eider down quilts over her, holding her hands, which trembled like frightened birds, striving in every way to soothe her, as Elizabeth had so often done in the time gone by for ever.

She lay back at length, quiet but utterly exhausted.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she moaned. "What has happened?"

"Never take that name on your lips again," he said; "let even her memory be dead between us. That woman is no longer my wife—you will never see her again. She shall not suffer; I will deal gently with her; but to you, my dearest sister, she is dead."

"You have killed her!" shrieked Elsie. "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"She leaves this house of her free will, Elsie—the only condition I have made is that she takes her name far out of our lives. Have you known—have you suspected this woman, Elsie?"

"No, no! I don't know anything but what is good of her—I don't believe anything! She is good and kind—send for her! You shan't drive her away—she shall come to me now! My dear Elizabeth—I love her! You shall not do this—you are mad, mad! She is the best woman that ever lived! Let me go to her—I will go!"

She was writhing again in hysterical spasms, but Mellen forced her back when she tried to rise.

"Be still, Elsie—try to understand me! I can't tell you the whole story—but we are parted. Do not plead for her. Do not mention her name."

"But, Grantley, Grantley!"

"No more, I say—not a word."

"She is innocent," moaned the girl; "she is innocent."

"I know what you suffer—think of all that I endure—let that give you strength."

"I tell you she is an angel—she has done no wrong!"

"I had the confession which separates us from her own lips—I tell you I would not have believed any other testimony. Don't struggle so, Elsie—lie still."

But she fought with him like an insane creature—she had no control or reason—it was only her inability to speak which kept her from shrieking out in Elizabeth's defence. She could only gasp for breath, and when words did come it was only that broken cry:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"You must try to understand me, Elsie! You are all I have left in the world—oh, Elsie, Elsie! She has gone for ever, and I loved her so—I loved her so. You and I must live on as best we can—it is only for you, child, that I live at all."

"Only bring her back—clear it all up—the truth—the truth at last! Oh, Grantley, I—"

Her words were so indistinct that he could not gather their meaning; she was struggling more fiercely than ever, and it required all his strength to hold her.

"If you love me, Elsie, strive to be calm! Oh, think of my trouble, my anguish—my sister, my sister!"

"Only send for her—call her here!"

"Be quiet and I will search, but she went off last night, I do not know where!"

Elsie gave one frightful cry and sank back in his arms insensible again, a swoon so deathlike that it seemed as if life had gone out for ever.

Just as Elizabeth had raised her and carried her into her own room, so did Grantley Mellen carry her now, stricken by a fear so horrible that his past agony paled under it—if she was dead—if she should wake a raving maniac, and all from the evil influence of that woman.

He called no assistance; he watched over her in that lonely chamber, trying every remedy he could find, but for a long time his efforts were unavailing; she lay there, white and cold, as if the snowy counterpane had been her winding sheet.

Just as he was calling her name in a last frenzied burst of grief she opened her eyes. She was too full for speech, but she remembered everything clearly—she made a vain effort to rise.

"You must not talk, Elsie; don't stir—you will hurt yourself!"

He searched on the toilet table, found a bottle of laudanum, and administered as large a dose as he dared; he knew that the effects could not be so dangerous as her present suffering.

He sat down by the bed, folding his arms about her, calling her by every endearing name that his tenderness and fear could suggest, striving to soothe her into slumber.

Elsie would lie quiet for a few moments, then she would begin to struggle and cry out in that dreadful way, till it seemed to Mellen that she would die before the opiate could take effect.

The potion worked at length; she lay back on the pillows white and still—her eyes stared drearily about the chamber once more and then closed—she had fallen into a heavy sleep.

For a long hour Grantley Mellen remained on his knees by her bedside, where he had fallen.

He rose at length. Victoria was knocking at the door, and warning her young mistress that breakfast was on the table.

Mellen went to the door and opened it, checked the girl's cry of astonishment with a gesture, and said:

"Miss Elsie is very ill—go downstairs at once, and let there be no noise in the house."

She crept away in frightened silence; he followed her down into the hall, gave orders to one of the men servants to get a horse ready, went into the library and wrote a dispatch to his physician in the city, and came out again.

By the time the man was starting off to the station, Clorinda and several of the servants, to whom Victoria had communicated her tidings, were assembled in the hall.

In their consultation they forgot their awe of their master, and asked a thousand eager questions, which he answered with brief sternness.

"Go back to your places, all of you," he said; "Miss Elsie is asleep, and must not be disturbed till the doctor arrives."

"Is missus wid her?" demanded Clo.

He turned upon her with a frown which made her spring back as if she had received an electric shock, and entirely checked any further desire to question him where his wife was concerned.

He turned towards the stairs again, but 'Dolph interposed with one of his profound bows.

"'Scuse me, sar, but de brekfus is on de table."

The self-restraint must be kept up; whatever suspicions might arise when the fact of Elizabeth's disappearance became known in the house, he must not expose himself to the curious eyes of those menials.

He went into the breakfast-room, drank the coffee 'Dolph poured out with a skilful hand, pretended to eat a few morsels, then shoved his chair back and hurried up to Elsie's chamber—he could not trust himself yet in the presence of his servants.

Below stairs all sorts of stories were rife. Victoria peeped into Elsie's room and came down with the information that

"She lay dar like a beautiful corpus!"

Everybody groaned in concert, but she added new astonishment to their feelings by saying:

"And missus ain't nowhars about. She ain't in Miss Elsie's room, and she ain't in her own, and her bed ain't been touched all night."

Clorinda began to nod her turban with a sapient air.

"What did I tell yer!" cried she. "Now what did I jis' tell yer."

"But whar can she be?" wondered 'Dolph. "What do yer 'spose has happened, Miss Clorinda?"

"'Nuff's happened," returned Clo, "and more'n nuff! I told yer de tunderbust would break, it has."

They urged and entreated her to speak; but it as difficult to speak when she literally knew nothing, so she contented herself with going about her work with unusual energy, while the rest stood round and watched her, deeming this an occasion when idleness was to be taken quite as a matter of course.

Clo nodded her head, shook her woolly knots, muttered to herself, and made dreadful confusion among her pots and pans, exciting her fellow-servants to a fearful pitch by her air of mystery, but not a word would she speak beyond vague and appalling hints.

While the servants below stairs wore away the morning in such conversation and surmises, growing every instant wilder and more improbable, Grantley Mellen sat in that darkened chamber watching his sleeping sister.

The physician arrived late in the evening; by that time Elsie was awake, and he looked a little grave while giving his medicines and examining into the case.

"Keep her very quiet," he said to Mellen, who followed him into the hall; "it is a severe nervous attack, but she can endure nothing more. Don't let her get up—I'll come back to-morrow. Where is Mrs. Mellen? she is so good a nurse I should like to give her my directions."

"She—she is not here," Mellen answered.

"In town, I suppose? You had better send for her, or give me her address and I will call and tell her how much she is wanted the moment I reach town. To-night I stay in the village."

"Thank you, I won't trouble you," replied Mellen. "You will be here to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, certainly! Don't be at all alarmed—Miss Elsie is subject to these nervous attacks. So I shan't call on your wife?"

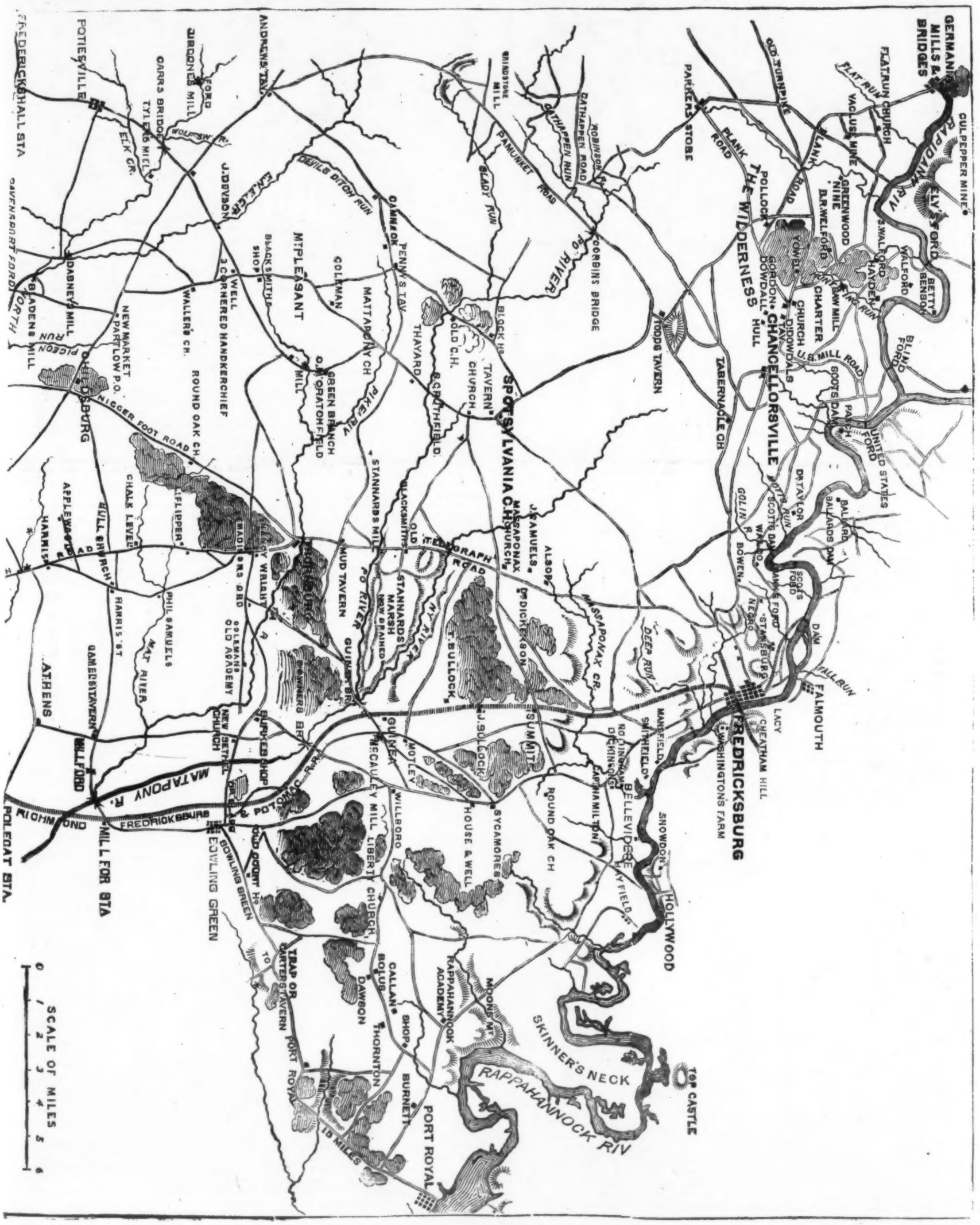
"No, sir, no;" he answered, impatiently. "I must return to my sister."

He bowed the doctor downstairs and disappeared, leaving the son of Esculapius to go on with all sorts of strange ideas in his head.

He had another patient in the village, and so drove over there in the carriage which had brought him from the station. As he was standing on the hotel porch old Jarvis Benson came up, caught him by the buttonhole and began a long story, to which the physician listened with such patience as he could find.

COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S GREAT VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

Our series of war pictures would scarcely be complete without giving the initiatory movements of this great campaign, as well as its battles in general views and in detail. Hence we give the crossing of the Rapidan, a crossing that leads to victory. With what satisfaction may not we look on this passage of our well disciplined army, fully equipped, full of courage, trust in themselves, their commander, their cause and God.



MAP OF GEN. GRANT'S SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

STEINWAY & SON'S NEW PIANO FORTE SALEROOMS Nº 71 & 73 EAST 14ST
BETWEEN UNION SQUARE AND THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

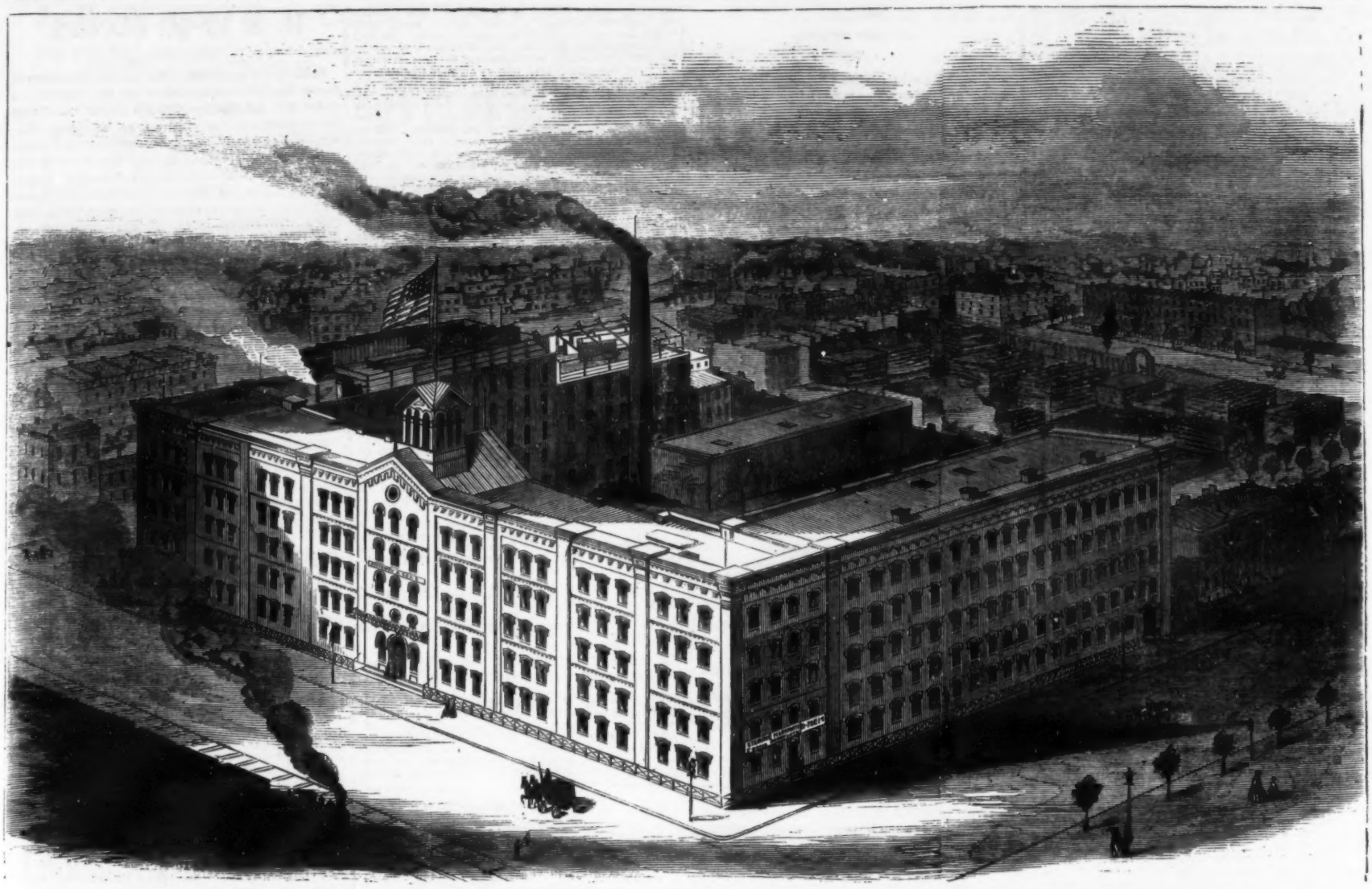
SAWING & PLANING ROOM AT MANUF'Y.

FINISHING ROOM AT MANUFACTORY.

PRINCIPAL SALES ROOM 1ST STORY, 14TH ST BLDG

PRINCIPAL SALES ROOM 2D STORY, H'ST BLDG

STEINWAY & SONS' GREAT PIANOFORTE ESTABLISHMENT, 71 AND 73 EAST 14TH STREET, AND 52ND STREET, AND FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOFORTE FACTORY AND LUMBER YARD, OCCUPYING THE ENTIRE BLOCK ON FOURTH AVENUE BETWEEN 52ND AND 53RD STREETS, N. Y.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS' NEW BUILDING.

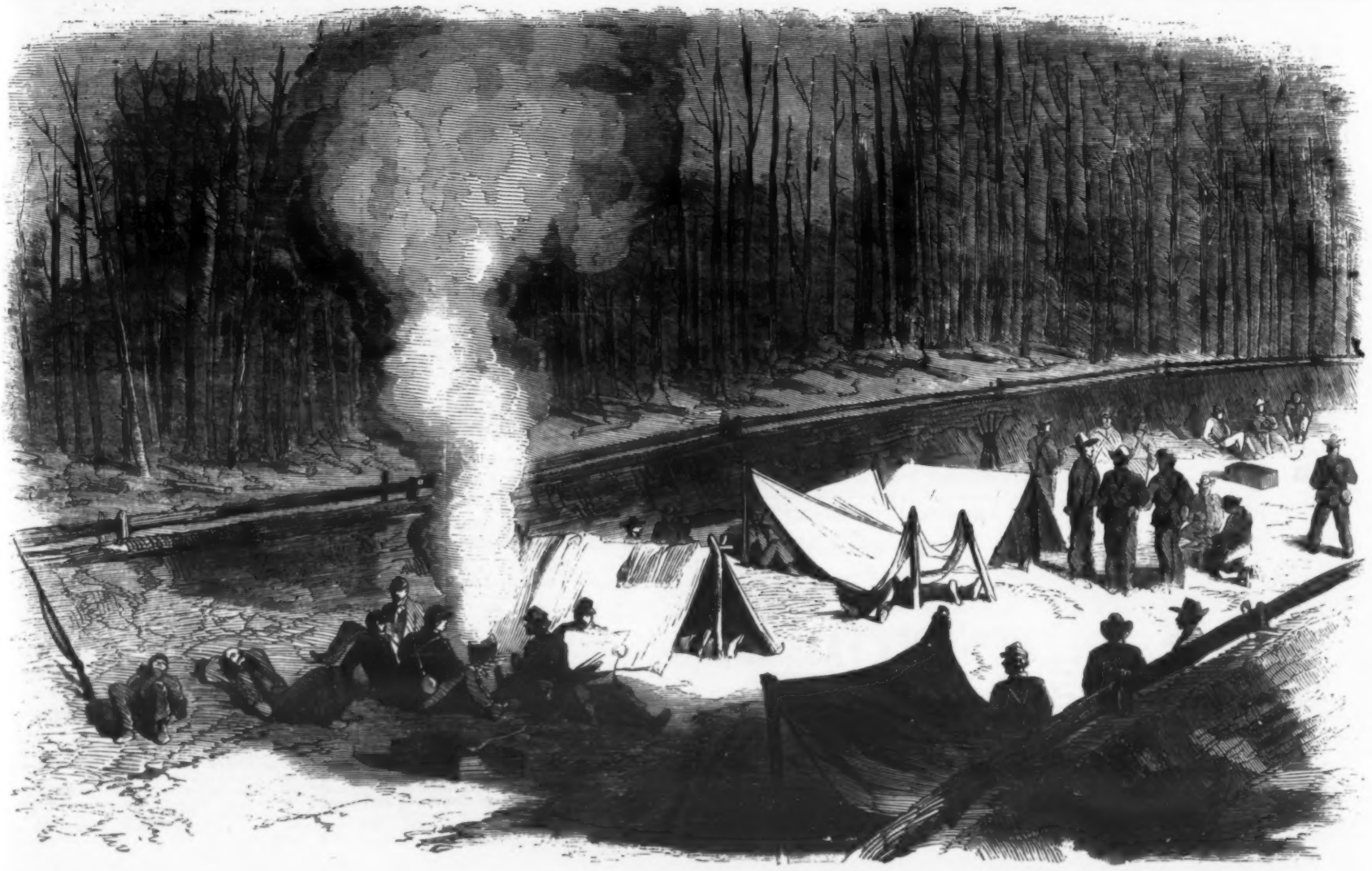
IT is only a year or two since we illustrated the magnificent new pianoforte manufactory erected by Steinway & Sons, on a block on Fourth avenue extending from Fifty-second street to Fifty-third street, and now we are called upon to record the extension of that great building and the erection of another splendid structure on East Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, designed by Steinway & Sons, for their own use as a warehouse for their pianofortes. This building is in a commanding situation, and is of such ample dimensions, and is so beautiful architecturally, that it is an ornament to our city, which can now boast of having the finest pianoforte store, probably, in the world.

The front on Fourteenth street is of white marble, nd is 50 feet wide, with a depth of 85 feet. It has four storeys above the basement. The first storey is in the Corinthian style, with a portico in the centre 17 feet wide, and projecting five feet from the face of the building. The portico is constructed with fluted columns and pilasters, with full Corinthian caps, resting on moulded and paneled pedestals. These columns support rich Corinthian entablatures with carved modillions. The part of the cornice over the portico is in the form of a segment. From the top of the cornice to the under side of the main cornice the front is in the Renaissance style, and is divided into three compartments by two rows of rustic blocks, extending from the top o the first storey to the main cornice. The width of the centre compartment compares with the width of the portico, and contains one large window in each floor, which are rather more ornamented than the side windows. All the windows are ornamented with attached columns supporting rich segment-formed cornices. The main top cornice is supported by handsome carved modillion blocks and carved trusses, with a handsome pediment over the centre part of the building. Over the cornice there is a handsome balustrade, with a vase on each end.

The four windows in the front storey have in each one single pane of plate glass. The interior finish is of the most solid and best kind; all the principal woodwork, such as doors, stairs and partitions dividing the office from the store, are solid black walnut, oiled and waxed. The main stairway is six-and-a-half feet wide; the entrance to the building is through a handsome vestibule, wainscoted and trimmed with black walnut. The floor is of Italian marble tile of mosaic pattern. To the left is the large wareroom, exclusively for the sale of square pianos; to the right is located a smaller one for upright pianos; and on the second floor is located the large room containing the grand pianos. The height of the ceiling from the floor is 15½ feet in the lower storeys. The two upper storeys are used for music-rooms and artists' studios. The whole height of the building is 72 feet from sidewalk to roof. In the rear of this building a plot of ground is also owned by the Messrs. Steinway, 100 feet wide by 125 feet deep, with a frontage of 100 feet on Fifteenth street, which is reserved for the erection of a large concert hall.

The building was designed and built under the superintendence of John Kellum, architect. It is certainly the finest building in the United States of its class and for the purpose for which it is designed, and we doubt if there is a pianoforte store in any of the large capitals of Europe or England that can in any way compare with it.

The Steinways' new store was officially and socially opened on Tuesday, the 10th inst., when a large party of distinguished literary and eminent musical gentlemen assembled at noon to inspect the building and visit the factory. Carriages drove up to the door at one o'clock, and conveyed the whole party up to 53d street, Fourth



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—DOUBLE LINE OF BREASTWORKS THROWN UP ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 6, IN THE WILDERNESS, BY THE 5TH ARMY CORPS—THE 14TH NEW YORK AWAITING THE ENEMY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

avenue. The factory is a noble pile and is an ornament to the avenue. It comprises an entire block, fronting on the Fourth Avenue, and extending from 52d to 53d streets. The front on Fourth avenue has a length of 201 feet, with a depth of 40 feet. The wings on 52d and 53d streets are each 165 feet in length and 40 feet in depth. The whole building is six storeys high, including the basement. The architecture is of the modern Italian style, with brick lintel arches, brown stone trimmings, and brick dental cornices. It is very substantially built, the basement wall being grouted brick two feet thick; the first storey walls 20 inches, and the upper walls 16 inches in thickness. The main building covers 14 city lots, 11 other lots being used for the purpose of seasoning lumber, of which there is a stock of 2,000,000 feet always piled upon the grounds. In the yard there are four drying-houses, each of which is heated by 2,000 feet of steampipe, and contains about 60,000 feet of lumber, so that there are about 240,000 feet of lumber constantly under the process of kiln-drying. L. Burger is the architect.

After admiring the handsome exterior, the party entered through the office in 53d street, and came at once upon the store-room, which contains the actions, felts, hardware, ivory, cloth, pins, wire, etc., etc., used in the interior works of pianos. Of these materials there is a vast supply always on hand, amounting in value to over $30,000.

They next visited the engine-room. Here a splendid engine of 50 horse power, burnished as beautiful as the works of a watch, was moving, with easy regularity, the entire machinery of the factory. This room is situated in the spacious yard, where also are located three steam boilers of 50 horse-power each, supplying steam for power, heating and drying purposes. A supplementary engine of 20 horse-power is located in the basement of the 52d street wing, the better to guard against any interruption which might occur through accident or stoppage of the main engine for necessary repairs.

From thence to the front basement, which contains all the iron work, plates and frames, drilling machines, japanning works, and the rosewood veneers. Of the latter the stock on hand is rarely of less value than $12,000. No fire of any kind is used within the building. Every part of the factory is heated by means of steampipes, 40,000 feet of which line the interior. The wood-heating apparatus is also warmed by steam, which also heats the kilns for japanning, etc.

In the basement of the 53d street wing all the heavier machinery is located. Here are three large planers, one of which is certainly the largest instrument of its class existing, planing the largest piano tops or bottoms at once. There are also four up-and-down saws, several circular saws, besides turning lathes, etc. These wonderful and powerful instruments are constantly at work, shaping the rough plank ready for use in the first floor above, where the bottoms, blockings, wrest planks and other parts of the case are got up with the aid of moulding, jointing and other machinery.

From this department we ascended to the fourth floor, where the casemakers hold undisputed sway, and who take all the single parts made below, put them together, and veneer and finish the cases ready to go up to the top floor or varnishing-room, where every case remains about three months to be thoroughly varnished. On each casemaking floor there are three large warming boxes, constructed of sheet iron, and covered with wood, with sufficient steampipes in them to raise the heat to 200 degrees.

Higher up we reach the varnishing department, which extends the whole length of the front side buildings, in all 530 feet. Here we passed through avenues of cases, stacks of them piled up six and eight deep. There must have been many hundreds of squares, uprights and grands ready to receive the inner works. The vastness of the number conveyed to all the most convincing proof of the immense business done by the Steinways.

The sounding board, the stringing and the finishing rooms are located below, and were alive with busy men and the hum of work.

The department which excited the most intense interest was the room on the third floor, where all the finer machinery for scroll sawing, rounding corners and shaping the various parts of the mechanism is located. Groups crowded round each machine, and it was curious to watch the expression of interest and astonishment on the faces of the observers as squares became round in a moment, and unbroken surfaces were metamorphosed into the most *recherché* patterns of scroll work in a very few minutes. The operations are indeed simple and beautiful. Telltale clocks in the extremes of the buildings insure that the watchmen attend to their duty with unerring certainty.

There are over *four hundred men* employed in this factory, which, considering the immense aid given to them by the labor-saving machines, are fully equal to 600 fifteen years ago. This force enables them to turn out about 40 square and five grand pianos every week.

The statistics of the factory show that there are about 800 pianos constantly in course of construction. These represent, in connection with the stock of hardware, lumber, veneers, machinery, engines, &c., &c., the sum of at least $450,000, exclusive of the building, which cost, together with the ground, $150,000—making in all a represented capital of *six hundred thousand dollars*. This estimate is for the factory alone, while the superb building in Fourteenth street and the valuable lots both in that street and Fifteenth street are entirely unaccounted for. For these at least $200,000 more may be added—making, at a low estimate, a capital invested in the business of at least *eight hundred thousand dollars!*

Enormous as this result is, it seems to increase in importance when we remember that it is the growth of but nine or ten years, and that it all sprang from making one pianoforte a week. We doubt if the history of the piano business in any country can parallel such an extraordinary success as this.

The success of the Steinways has never wavered for a day since the tide of good fortune set in. The improvements which, from time to time, they have added to their instruments keep their reputation fresh and vigorous, and continue to increase their circle of purchasers. They fear no rivalry, for they have always gained the first prize over all others where their pianos have been exhibited, having received within the last nine years *thirty-two first premiums*, gold and silver medals. The fact, however, upon which they pride themselves the most is, that at the Great International Exhibition in London, in 1862, where 269 pianos from all parts of the world were exhibited, "they were awarded a First Prize Medal, for *powerful, clear, brilliant and sympathetic tone*, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in Grand and Square Pianos." Notwithstanding this immense competition, the special correspondent of the *Times* says, *Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any other maker.* Such testimony as this is conclusive as to the superior excellence of the Steinway pianos.

The private telegraph line which connects the factory with the store announced, we presume, that the party was on its way to Fourteenth street, for on its arrival a splendid collation, which was in fact a dinner, was found prepared, and was keenly enjoyed by all present, for the lengthened tour of inspection by no means served to blunt the appetites of the guests. Of course the success of the Steinways formed a marked feature of the speeches. To these just and flattering compliments Mr. William Steinway responded in an earnest and practical speech, which was very warmly applauded. The musical part of the entertainment was specially enjoyable, for the distinguished artists present played with infinite spirit and brilliancy.

The visit to Steinway & Sons' piano manufactory and new salesrooms was both instructive and pleasant. It gave to many an insight to a business which has assumed gigantic proportions in the past few years, and which is, even now, increasing daily: and the impression left upon the minds of all was, that the two magnificent buildings erected by the Father Steinway and his four Sons, were proud monuments of their industry, energy, probity and enterprise, and that they richly deserved the magnificent success which has crowned with prosperity their intelligent labors.

MEN cannot take a satisfaction for sin, though they seem to find satisfaction in it.

TRIADS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Fate.

For God's event in patience wait,
Though bald and poor our best estate,
Until we choose there is no Fate.

Zephyr.

Sweet spirit of the halcyon West,
To cheek and heart a welcome guest—
Thine are the isles of balm and rest.

Bird.

Blithe voice of sweetest interludes,
Outlet of desert solitudes,
Beethoven of the fields and woods.

Silence.

When we the deepest truths would teach,
Which words no plummet have to reach,
Thou, Silence, art the lips of speech.

Truth.

How vain are Falsehood's vagaries—
If there be one thing sure, 'tis this:
Victory attends the thing that is.

Avarice.

If Love is cheated, bartered, sold—
Though piles of wealth I heap untold,
To basest dross turns all my gold.

The Rose.

Because no fairer blossom grows,
Whereon the day his radiance throws,
I am the flower they call the Rose.

DREADFUL ENCOUNTERS WITH BEARS.

THE following is from "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island," by D. G. F. Macdonald, C. E.

Three men were out hunting, and unexpectedly roused a grizzly. The bear charged upon the party. Two of the men were large and powerful. Instead of using their guns, however, on the enemy, they sought safety in flight. Their companion, though a small man, stood his ground; and as the bear advanced he fired at him, wounding him just enough to add tenfold to his ferocity. The snow being deep, the man was soon buried in it with the monster, furious and open-mouthed, above him. With great presence of mind he thrust his left hand into the animal's mouth and grasped his tongue, holding it with the determination of despair while he unsheathed his knife with his right. In making a stab at the heart the point of the weapon struck the animal's paw, broke off, and in consequence became useless. The tusks of the infuriated monster had by this time met through the poor man's left arm which fell helplessly from the brute's jaws all mangled and bleeding. He then thought that the only hope lay in counterfeiting death, which he did, and fortunately succeeded in inducing the bear to believe that he had won the victory. After licking the blood off his victim the grizzly moved away some distance, and was attacked by a dog belonging to the party; but paying no attention to his canine enemy, he again approached the man, who still lay motionless in counterfeited death, and having licked his face slowly retired. The two men who had run away, having viewed the whole fight from a safe distance now, when the danger was past, came up to their half dead companion, whom they found severely injured in many parts of the body, with a part of his scalp torn away. They carried him to a hut at a distance, where, by careful attendance, he in a few weeks had all but recovered from the horrible wounds he had received. A strong party armed to the teeth went early next morning in search of the grizzly, which being easily tracked by the spots of blood on the snow, was soon discovered and completely riddled with bullets.

Shortly before I left the territory another encounter occurred between a miner and a bear, upon which he came suddenly in a small canon. He had dismounted from his mule, his only chance of escape being to climb a tree, which he lost no time in doing. However, the grizzly soon followed him and seized him by the leg. With the desperate strength only known in danger, the miner had grasped the limb of a tree, and held on with one hand, whilst he fired at the bear with the other. This caused the animal to let go the man's leg, but not to give up the pursuit. Having paused for a few moments to examine how matters stood, it made another effort and seized the rifle, dashing it with great violence. The miner kicked the bear in the snout with his uninjured leg so violently that she fell, turning a complete somersault. Feeling somewhat disgusted with the state of affairs, she gave vent to her fury on the man's hat, which lay at the foot of the tree, tore it to shreds, and then coolly retired, but, alas! only to return when she could make more sure of her victim. The miner descended, thinking all danger over, when up came the bear behind him, and seizing him round the middle pressed him to death. This sorrowful scene was witnessed only by an unarmed pioneer, who unfortunately was so panic-stricken that he did not venture in aid of the poor miner. The day following the occurrence, this homeless and childless man was committed to the earth in a spot selected for its quiet beauty and the security from desecration which it promised. Thus departed the stranger miner, who had come to these lands so recently in the fulness of hope and joy.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN in Chicago had occasion to call at the house of a friend. He rang the bell, but before he could speak the buxom Dutch girl threw her fat arms about his neck, and fastened her red lips to his in a "long, long kiss," ejaculating:

"Ach, mein bruder! mein bruder!"

But the cool Chicagoian merely ejaculated:

"What the d—l!" and Katrine on discovering her error retired much redder in the face to her quarters in the kitchen. She "dink he vas mine soldier bruder, come home from de wars."

WOMEN keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

THE paper containing many fine points—a paper of pins.

A MEAN man grudges a canary his sugar, and counts out grains of barley to his horse by tens.

OF what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook pork?

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of faces that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies, but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

WHAT IS GOLD.

"What is Gold?" I asked a child;
In its ignorance it smiled.

"What is Gold?" I asked a boy;
"Pretty little yellow toy!"

"What is Gold?" I asked of man;
"I will hoard it while I can!"

"What is Gold?" I asked old age;
"An illusion on Life's page!"

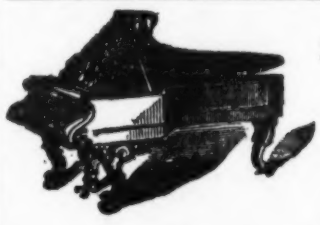
"What is Gold?" I asked of Heaven;
"As a test to man 'twas given!"

"What is Gold, United States?"
"Seventy-three at latest dates!"

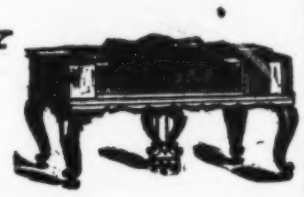
RHYMES that satisfy the eye but not the ear:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now I must be off to the plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

THERE are, or were recently, two families living in one house in Lynn, one of which was named Yell and the other Scream, and their next neighbor was named Ball. Mr. Noyes lived in the next street. Notwithstanding this it is said to be a quiet neighborhood.



FORTY PRIZE MEDALS



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THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE:

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have ever known. S. THALBERG."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston.

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Ladies, Dressmakers, &c., can obtain this invaluable Fashion Record of any Newsdealer.

Seaside Summer Resort

FAIRFIELD HOUSE, FAIRFIELD, CONN. This favorite and splendid Summer Resort was opened for visitors—either transient or permanent—on the 1st of May. The house is new and handsomely furnished—has all modern improvements—is lighted with gas throughout. The Beach for Bathing is the finest on the Sound. There is good fishing and elegant drives. Parties making early arrangements for the season will be taken on favorable terms.

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Nervous Debility, Secret Infirmities of youth and manhood, with new remedies for self-treatment; 300 pages, 100 Illustrations. Send stamp. Address GALENIC INSTITUTE, St. Paul, Minn. 452-3

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or Municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are to be REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the United States Treasury until March 26, but in the first three weeks of April the subscriptions averaged more than TEN MILLIONS A WEEK.

Subscriptions will be received by all

NATIONAL BANKS

which are depositaries of Public money, and all

RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks), will furnish further information on application, and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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At the Great International Exhibition at Hamburg, July 1863, received the Highest Prize Medal for its Great Delicacy as an Article of Food.

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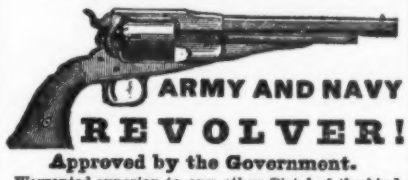

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